

THE BOURBON NEWS.

CHAMP & BRO., Editors and Owners.

PRINTED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

Established February 1, 1881.

TWENTIETH YEAR.

PARIS, BOURBON CO., KY, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1900

FRANK & CO.,

LEADERS OF STYLE AND FASHION.

FRENCH F ANNELS, FIGURED and PLAIN, 50c A YARD.



WE INVITE YOU TO INSPECT OUR BEAUTIFUL STOCK OF

Ladies' Suits, Skirts, Jackets, Capes and Furs.

Our line is complete in every detail. Remember we altar all garments that do not fit without cost to the purchaser.



Dry Goods, Notions, Ladies' Furnishing Goods, Ready-to-Wear Garments of all kinds for ladies.

Frank & Co.

404 Main Street, - - - PARIS, KY.

The Farmers' Needs

Have been a study with me, and in anticipating these needs, I have bought a complete line of

Farm Wagons

AND

Agricultural Implements,

and in fact every tool used. I also have a fine line of Barouches, Surries, Buggies, Phaetons, Road Wagons and Traps.

My Rubber Tire plant will fit new tires on your wheels while you wait. My trade in this branch has been large.

Call on me before you buy.

J. Simms Wilson.

A Brilliant Social Function.

One of the most brilliant social functions of the season was the cotillion given Friday night at Odd Fellows' Hall by a number of young married people to the Jolly Bachelors and others. The cotillion was very cleverly lead by Mr. Owen Davis, who introduced several beautiful new figures, besides several unique ones. The favor table was presided over by Mesdames E. M. Dickson, H. C. Howard, Brice Steele and Miss Embry. The favors were pretty and novel, consisting of lanterns, candlesticks, whistles, horns, pipes, hammers, butterflies, flowers, paper buckets, sachets, etc. Those who participated in the dance were:

Mr. C. Alexander, Jr., and Miss Kate Alexander.

Mr. Lan. Butler and Miss Kate Lucas.

Dr. L. P. Spears and Miss Marie Parrish.

Dr. Will Kenney and Miss Lida Rogers, of Maysville.

Mr. Ford Brent and Miss Nannie Clay.

Mr. Albert Hinton and Miss Gertrude Renick.

Mr. Ed Tucker and Miss Eddie Spears.

Dr. J. M. Purnell and Miss Margaret Lyne, of Cynthiaana.

Mr. James Chambers and Miss Mary Talbott.

Mr. Duncan Bell and Miss Anita Bell, of Mississippi.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank Fithian.

Mr. and Mrs. James Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney G. Clay.

Mr. Duncan Taylor and Miss Lillian Waller.

Mr. John Spears and Miss Jessie Turney.

Mr. Clell Turney and Miss Lizzette Dickson.

Mr. Hugh Breatland and Miss Mary Stoll, of Lexington.

Mr. Clay Stone and Miss Sue Buckner.

Mr. J. D. McClintock and Miss Alice Spears.

Mr. and Mrs. John Woodford.

Dr. M. H. Daily and Miss Fannie Johnson.

Mr. W. M. Hinton, Jr., and Miss Salie Joe Hedges.

Mr. Charles May and Miss Annie Louise Clay.

Mr. John Brennan and Miss Sue Clay.

Mr. and Mrs. George Alexander.

Mr. Ray Mann and Miss Anilee Talbott.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ferguson.

Mr. George Williams Clay and Miss Elizabeth Woodford.

Mr. Walter Champ and Miss Louise Parrish.

Mr. Oakford Hinton and Miss Elizabeth Fisk, of Covington.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Ferguson.

Mr. James Kelly and Miss Nannie McMeekin, both of Georgetown.

Messrs. Hume Payne, E. T. Burnam, (Richmond), Sam Clay.

Among the other guests were Mrs. Wortham, New York; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Swift Champ, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Kenney, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Webber, Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Ussery, Mrs. Amos Turney, Mrs. John C. Brent, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Clay, Mrs. Owen Davis, Misses Mary Brent, Emma Scott, Lucy Colville, Fannie and Hattie Mann, Margery Turney, Sadie Hart, Mary and Nannie Wilson, Mrs. Fannie G. Talbott, Mrs. Mary Davis, Dr. Silas Evans, Dr. C. B. Dickson, Sam Woodford.

J. T. McMILLAN, dentist, office over THE NEWS, on Broadway. (tf)

STAGE STORIES.

Amusement Announcements, Lobby Chat-ter—Odd Bits of Gossip.

The City Council at Fort Worth, passed an ordinance compelling women to remove their hats at all public entertainments where a fee is charged.

Julia Marlow is making final arrangements for her long-promised production of "When Knighthood Was In Flower." She expects to have everything ready for November 27th.

Creston Clarke and Adelaide Prince will play a return engagement at Lexington on December 7th. They will produce "The Only Way," which is the most costly and elaborate play that Mr. Clarke has yet put on.

"UNDER SEALED ORDERS."

The Keystone Dramatic Company, an organization of unusual merit, will produce the great English melodrama, "Under Sealed Orders," at the Opera House to-morrow night. The company comes highly recommended. The leading roles are assumed by Miss Gertrude Shipman and Mr. Lawrence McGill. The play is one of the greatest successes of the season. The scenic effects from start to finish are startling and have much to do with holding the interest of the audience to the story of the play, which is weird and interesting throughout. The company carries a car-load of special scenery, and numbers twenty-two people. Reserved seats at Brooks'. This company is playing the entire week at Lexington, (with the exception of Wednesday night), and will play a later engagement of four nights at the Grand. The prices are 10, 20 and 30 cents, and that is the only cheap thing about the show.

MATTERS MATRIMONIAL.

The Wedding Bells, Announcements, Cupid's Mischief, STOUT-GRIMES.

An elopement which created a genuine ripple of excitement occurred yesterday morning, the principals being Mr. Leer Stout and Miss Annie Grimes. They drove to Cynthiaana yesterday morning and were married in that city at half-past eleven. They returned to this city after the wedding and are domiciled at the groom's home. The groom is the youngest son of Mr. A. S. Stout and is a young man of kind disposition, who is well known to the citizens of Paris.

The bride is a daughter of Mr. John Grimes, and has made her home for a number of years with her aunt, Mrs. Annie Smith. Mrs. Leer is quite a handsome young lady and has had many admirers.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Brooks Kerr and Dr. D. T. D. Kelley, both of Lexington. The wedding will occur at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. E. T. Gross, on January 16th.

Capt. Kenney John Hampton, of Winchester, a paymaster in the U. S. army, has wedded Miss Ada Campbell Burch, of Washington, D. C. They will be given a wedding reception at the Ebbitt House, on Nov. 12th by the bride's parents.

BIRTHS.

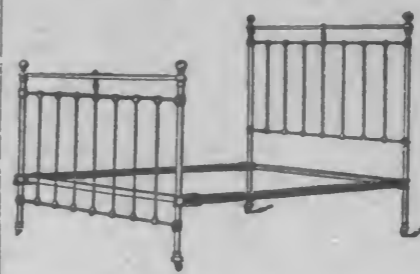
Editor Joseph R. Williams and wife, of Falmouth, are very happy over the arrival of a fine son on November 3d. He has been named George Everett Williams. Mrs. Williams was formerly Miss Ora Letton, of this city.



BEST ON EARTH, IS THE HANAN SHOE!

If you have made up your mind to buy good Shoes, why not buy a pair of Hanan Shoes? There is but one thing to do—investigate the Hanan Shoe, and you will admit it has no equal. Perfect Workmanship, Perfect Style, Perfect Comfort, Perfect Durability, Fully Guaranteed Fall styles made in Enamel Vici Kid, Velour Calf, Patent Vici; Widths, B to E. Have the exclusive sale for this city.

GEO. McWILLIAMS.



Cut Prices!

IRON BEDS!

Having purchased a large stock, we will now give you ROCK BOTTOM prices. If you call at our store and look for yourself you will be convinced. Also a nice line of Misses Rockers. They are selling fast. Come and get one. Don't let this Sale slip. This is for ten days only.

A. F. WHEELER'S

NEW FURNITURE STORE,

NEXT DOOR TO HOTEL WINDSOR, - - - PARIS, KY

NORTHERN SEED WHEAT,

SEED RYE,

NEW TIMOTHY SEED.

C. S. BRENT & BRO.

Shoes at Half-Price!

Harry Simon

PURCHASED AT A GREAT BARGAIN THE ENTIRE STOCK OF

The Paris Cash Shoe Store, WHICH HE WILL NOW OFFER AT

50 Cents on the Dollar

OF WHOLESALE MANUFACTURER'S PRICE.

It has been arranged for the Big Shoe Sale to be held at the "Old Place" just vacated by Harry Simon. The entire stock of Shoes of the Paris Cash Shoe Store has been moved to the "Old Place" and the Sale commenced!

Saturday, Nov. 3, 1900.

They must be closed out at once and the low prices quoted below will make them go quick. You can't afford to miss getting your share. All are good Shoes of best makes and fashionable shapes—to go at 50 cents on the dollar—just half of regular price.

MEN'S SHOES.

Lot, former price \$1.25, now at... 79 Cts.
Plow Shoes, former price \$1.25, now at... 79 "
Men's Shoes, former price \$1.50, now at... 98 "
Lot of Men's Bostonian, formerly \$3.50, now at... \$2.49
Lot of Nettleton's Shoes, formerly \$5, now at... 2.98
Lot of High Cuts, formerly \$3, now 1.48
Lot of High Cuts, formerly \$3, now 1.95
Lot of High Cuts, formerly \$3.50, now 2.24

MISSSES' SHOES.

Lot of Misses' Shoes, formerly \$1.50, now... 79 Cts.
Lot of Misses' Shoes, formerly \$2, now... \$1.24

INFANTS' SHOES.

Lot of Infants' Shoes, 25c quality, go at... 9 Cts.
Lot of Infants' Shoes, 50c quality, go at... 24 "

CHILD'S SHOES.

Lot of Child's Shoes, 75c quality, go at... 49 Cts.
Lot of Child's Shoes, \$1 quality, go at... 69 "

BOYS' SHOES.

Lot of Boys' Shoes, \$1.50 quality, go at... 79 Cts.
Lot of Boys' Shoes, \$2.00 quality, go at... \$1.24
Lot of Boys' Shoes, \$2.25 quality, go at... 1.40

LADIES' SHOES.

Lot of \$1.25 quality, now at... 79 Cts.
Lot of \$1.50 quality, now at... 98 "
Lot of Ladies' Oxfords, formerly \$1.25, now... 69 "
Lot of Ladies' Oxfords, formerly \$1.50, now... 79 "
Lot of Ladies' Oxfords, formerly \$2, now... \$1.24
Lot of Ladies' Oxfords, formerly \$3, now... 1.49

IMPORTANT—Shoes must be tried on at the store and cannot be exchanged after taking them out. The prices are so low we cannot deviate from this rule.

Harry Simon's Old Stand.

THE BOERS' REVIVAL.

It is Far More Serious Than Has Hitherto Been Believed.

The Transvaalers Well Armed and Abundantly Supplied With Ammunition—The Campaign Likely to Last for Six Months.

London, Nov. 3.—The South African situation is improving and Lord Roberts will shortly return to England with a majority of his staff. Arrangements are being made in Cape Town to send the first batch of refugees back to Johannesburg and accommodation is being provided at Bloemfontein for a garrison of 7,000. Nevertheless the activity of the Boers continues. On October 26 a commando of 300 captured a garrison of 30 men at Reddersburg but afterwards released them. Trains from the south to Pretoria are attacked by the Boers almost daily. On October 24 the Burgers occupied Koffyfontein.

On the other hand Gen. Knox has inflicted a reverse on Gen. DeWet's forces near Parys, capturing two guns one of them a weapon lost by the British in the Sanas Post affair.

The daily tale of British casualties is heavy. During the month of October the British lost 167 killed in action, including 15 officers, 71 who died of wounds, 367 who died of disease, 22 who died of accidents and 97 captured or missing, a total almost equal to the monthly average for the duration of the war.

The Daily Express publishes sensational statements that the Boer revival is more serious than has hitherto been believed and that in consequence Lord Roberts return is likely to be still further postponed.

It also says that no considerable party of troops will return before January or February, while the regimental drafts from England will continue and 6,000 horses will be sent out.

The paper definitely declares that the Boers are well armed and abundantly supplied with ammunition and that the campaign is likely to last another six months. In the best informed quarters, however, it is asserted that there is no ground for the pessimism of the Daily Express.

MILITIA ORDERED OUT.

They Go to Jefferson, Ga., to Protect the Life of Gus Fellows, Charged With Assault.

Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 3.—Another company of the Georgia militia was ordered from here Friday night by Gov. Candler, under command of Maj. Nash, of the 5th Georgia regiment, with instructions to proceed to Jefferson, in Jackson county, this state, for the purpose of protecting the life of Gus Fellows, a Negro, charged with an assault on Miss Dora Hood, a prominent young lady of Harmony Grove. A mob of 200 is reported there with the intention of lynching the Negro. Fellows was taken from Atlanta Friday morning under military escort to Jefferson for trial. It was expected that one company of troops would be sufficient to protect him and the call Friday night upon the adjutant general and the governor for more troops caused considerable apprehension as to the situation. Details are not yet obtainable.

PENSIONING EMPLOYEES.

The New System Will Go Into Effect January 1, 1901, on the Pennsylvania Lines.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 3.—Official notices were posted Friday of the inauguration of a pension system for the employees of all the Pennsylvania lines. The new system will go into effect on January 1, 1901. Employees aged 70 years or more will be given the option of retiring from service on half pay. Another provision also stipulates that if an employee has been crippled in the service of the road, he can retire at the age of 65 years. The system has been in vogue on the Pennsylvania railroad for some time, and has met with the approval of the employees.

TO BE COMMISSIONED.

The Ericsson, Cushing and Dupont Will Be a Part of the Torpedo Boat Flotilla.

Washington, Nov. 3.—The navy department has ordered Adm. Farquhar, commanding the North Atlantic squadron, to commission the Ericsson, Cushing and Dupont. This is part of the torpedo boat flotilla which will accompany the squadron on its winter cruise. The Atlanta probably will sail on Sunday for South Africa. She takes the place of the Machias in Adm. Schley's South Atlantic squadron. The Manila arrived at Cavite Friday. The Philadelphia and the Iowa have arrived safely at San Pedro.

Jockey Buchanan Reinstated.

Chicago, Nov. 3.—Jockey Buchanan, of California, suspended recently at Harlem for rough riding, was reinstated Friday by Judge Hamilton. The jockey will be allowed to take mounts only for his employer, Barney Schriber.

Ex-Mayor Strong Dead.

New York, Nov. 3.—Ex-Mayor William L. Strong, of New York city, died early Friday morning at his residence, 12 West Fifty-seventh street. He was born on a farm in Richland county, Ohio.

PROTECT THE INDIANS

White Men Intrude and Secure Their Prospective Allotments.

The Total Population of the "Five Civilized Tribes" is Estimated at 84,750—Several Recommendations Made.

Washington, Nov. 5.—United States Indian Agent Schoenfeldt, in charge of the Union agency, whose jurisdiction comprises the five civilized tribes, protests in his annual report against unlawful occupation of the Indian lands and urges rigid congressional legislation to protect the Indian citizen against the encroachments of aggressive and grasping whites. Of 2,000 complaints filed against noncitizens by Indians in the past fiscal year a large majority were against white men who in the past had intruded themselves upon the Indians and had gained their confidence to a sufficient degree to secure possession of their prospective allotments, and, after having secured possession, refused either to pay rent or to vacate, thus preventing the Indians from receiving any rents or profits therefrom.

Many of the Indians are too poor to institute suit for the possession, and, therefore, are left helpless. The total population of the five civilized tribes is estimated at 84,750, comprising 20,250 Choctaws and Freedmen, 10,500 Chickasaws and Freedmen, 10,000 Creeks and Freedmen, 35,000 Cherokee and Freedmen and 3,000 Seminoles, and their lands comprise a total of 19,774,286 acres.

The agent says that there is now every reason to believe that the Indian depredations and disturbances in the five tribes region are at an end. A few full-blooded Creeks are strenuously opposing the allotments of lands, and have banded together and refuse to appear to select their allotments.

A large majority of the Creeks, however, have actually made their selections. The report recommends that congress appropriate out of the Cherokee funds a sufficient amount to pay the indebtedness of the nation; that a law be passed compelling the five tribes to adopt a uniform system of taxing noncitizens residing and doing business in the limits of their nation, and that a workhouse or reformatory be established.

THE CARNOT MONUMENT.

No Disorders Marred the Ceremony of Its Unveiling at Lyons, France.

Lyons, France, Nov. 5.—No disorder marred the ceremony of unveiling the monument to the late President Carnot here Sunday or the luncheon tendered President Loubet by the Chamber of Commerce, which followed the unveiling, although the Socialist committee had posted bills calling upon their followers to make the demonstration in protest against the Chamber of Commerce, which is regarded by them as clerical and reactionary.

M. Loubet was greeted with overwhelming acclamation, although occasionally along the route cries of "Vive la sociale revolution" were heard, mingled with denunciations of the clerical party. A few groups were dispersed by the police, but nothing in the nature of any organized demonstration developed.

DROPPED TWELVE FEET.

Died From Injuries Received While Being Hazed at the Porter Military Academy.

Charleston, S. C., Nov. 5.—Thomas Finlay Brown, a 12-year-old boy, is dead from injuries received while being hazed at the Porter military academy last Friday. Brown was new at the academy and the older boys, following their former custom, dropped him into a cemented swimming basin 12 feet deep. The basin was dry at the time and the lad received internal injuries from the fall. Before he died he did not give the names of the cadets who had ill treated him, and it is said no action will be taken.

Chilian Cabinet Crisis.

Valparaiso, Nov. 5.—The cabinet crisis was terminated Sunday by the formation of a coalition ministry, made up in part as follows: Premier and minister of the interior, Mariscal Sanchez Fontecilla; minister of foreign affairs, Alberto Gonzalez Errazuriz; minister of finance, Manuel Covarrubias; minister of war, Arturo Rosa.

Not Related to Carlist Movement.

Madrid, Nov. 5.—There is no foundation whatever for the suggestion made by certain Spanish papers that the departure from Barcelona of Mr. Julius G. Lay, United States consul general there, for Majoria was in some way related to the Carlist movement. Mr. Lay wires from Port Mahon that his journey is "solely connected with affairs of the consulate."

Won the 15-Mile Match.

New York, Nov. 5.—Johnny King got the better of W. F. Wahrnburger in the 15-mile paced match, which Sunday figured as the feature at Vailsburg, N. J. King led from the onset, gradually increased his advantage and won by over three-quarters of a mile.

Siberian Wheat Burned Up.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 5.—Official reports show the grain has been completely burned up by the drought in portions of Siberia. The fields have not been harvested and are used for pasturage.

ST. PAUL DISABLED.

An Accident That Will Require Five Months to Repair and Cost From \$250,000 to \$300,000.

New York, Nov. 5.—The steamship St. Paul, of the American line, Capt. Roberts in command, arrived in port Sunday 24 hours late, with her starboard propeller gone and her engine room badly damaged. Statements of different officials vary as to the cause of the accident, but the damage sustained by the steamship will probably amount to several hundred thousand dollars.

The St. Paul left Southampton and Cherbourg on October 27 with a full cargo, 316 cabin passengers and 245 in the steerage.

Samuel Bettle, the acting manager of the American line, said Sunday, after consultation with Chief Engineer Hunter: "At 3:06 o'clock on Wednesday, while the ship was running at full speed, under the most favorable conditions, although she was pitching and rolling a good deal, the St. Paul's propeller probably struck a derelict. The tail shaft broke just inside the ship and the extreme end of the propeller dropped into the sea and serious damage was done to the starboard engine, which was stopped within ten seconds. None of the crew was injured and there was no excitement among the passengers, many of whom remained undisturbed at dinner, unaware that an accident had occurred."

One of the engineers of the St. Paul made the following statement Sunday night:

"It will take five months to repair the damage, which is to the extent of from \$250,000 to \$300,000. The starboard engine is a wreck. The ship did not strike a derelict, but an unusually big sea struck her, throwing the stern out of water, and the propellers, having no resistance, made frightfully rapid revolutions which caused the starboard engine to race, and the starboard tail shaft broke in two and with the wheel fell into the water. The amount of damage done is not surprising when you take into consideration the sudden liberation of 10,000 horse power."

The St. Paul will leave on Tuesday for the Cramps shipyard, Philadelphia, where the necessary repairs will be made. Meantime the Friesland, which sails on Wednesday for Antwerp, will take the St. Paul's passengers, mail and freight to Southampton.

ACTIVE SCOUTING.

Several Bands of Filipinos Were Worsted—Great Excitement Over Presidential Election.

Manila, Nov. 5.—Last week was devoted to scouting. The insurgents, having failed to crush a single gray rison, are now experiencing a reaction.

Lieuts. Wilson and Dority, of the 45th volunteer infantry, destroyed large stores of rice, four granaries and a barracks near Bato.

Capt. Atkinson, with 34 men of the 37th volunteer infantry, attacked 190 insurgents under Col. Valencia, recovering two American prisoners and capturing a considerable quantity of ammunition and supplies.

A native orchestra lured the United States troops from their quarters near Dagupan, while the insurgents attacked the rear, killing two Americans and wounding three.

Sunday Senior Buencamino, representing the principal insurgents in Manila, requested Judge Taft to forward to Washington a signed expression of their loyalty.

There is considerable excitement over the presidential election, with a good deal of betting on the result.

CABINET CHANGES.

Mr. George Wyndham Will Probably Be Appointed Chief Secretary For Ireland.

London, Nov. 5.—The Times announced Monday morning that Mr. George Wyndham, who was parliamentary under secretary of war in the late cabinet, will probably be appointed chief secretary for Ireland. It says it is also likely that Mr. Walter Hume Long, who was president of the board of agriculture, will become president of the local government board, and that Mr. Robert William Mansbury, who was financial secretary to the treasury, will be given the postmaster generalship, with a seat in the cabinet.

According to the same authority, the Marquis of Londonderry will be appointed president of the board of agriculture and Mr. Chamberlain will be removed from the post of civil lords admiralty to that of official secretary to the treasury.

Football Player Paralyzed.

Berkeley, Cal., Nov. 3.—Lee Calhoun Duff, substitute center on the freshman eleven of the University of California, is totally paralyzed from the shoulders down as a result of an injury received in football practice last week.

Must Remove Their Hats.

Ft. Worth, Tex., Nov. 5.—The city council passed an ordinance compelling women to remove their hats at all public entertainments where a fee is charged. The ordinance provides a fine of \$5 or expulsion from the entertainment.

Vermont's Population.

Washington, Nov. 5.—The population of the state of Vermont, as announced by the census bureau, is 343,641, against 322,422 in 1890. This is an increase of 11,219, or 3.3 per cent.

PEACE COMMISSION.

Li Kun Yi and Chang Ti Tung Added to It by the Emperor.

The Railroad From Pao Ting Fu to the Capital Nearly Completed—The Line Being Guarded By French Soldiers.

London, Nov. 3.—The Shanghai correspondent of the Times says that an imperial edict appoints Liu Kun Yi, viceroy of Nankin, and Chang Chi Tung, viceroy of Hankow, to be additional peace commissioners on behalf of China.

Berlin, Nov. 3.—Official telegrams from Count Von Waldersee show that all the German troops have arrived in China and been distributed. The 1st and 2d marines, the 1st infantry brigade and a small force of cavalry and artillery are stationed at Peking. The 2d infantry brigade with a corresponding force of artillery, engineers and cavalry, is at Pao Ting Fu. One battalion is at Shan Hai Kwan. The third infantry brigade, with a company of sharpshooters, two squadrons of cavalry and several batteries, is at Tien-Tsin. One battery and several howitzers are at Taku, and a force of troops is distributed along the railway from Peking to Yan Tsun, superintending the work of construction.

A special dispatch to the Hamburg Correspondenz says: "In a well situated in the imperial palace precincts in Peking was found the body of Emperor Kwang Su's favorite wife, Shen Ti, whom the empress dowager caused to be drowned before the flight of the court from the capital. The second favorite, Shing Fi, and 100 ladies belonging to the imperial harem are prisoners in the hands of the allies."

A dispatch from Pao Ting Fu, dated Thursday, says: "Telegraphic connection has been completed with Peking entirely by the Germans. The railway from Pao Ting Fu to the capital is nearly completed. French detachments are guarding the line."

Another batch of letters from German soldiers in China appear Friday in a number of papers, among them the Hanover Courier, which editorially demand official statements with reference to the details given by the writers of the cruelties alleged to have been committed by German troops in China.

Berlin, Nov. 2.—Considerable impatience at the meagerness of news from China is finding expression here. The inference is that German censorship over such information is very strict. Letters from privates in China begin to find their way into the social democratic papers, showing that the German troops give no quarter. The Bremen Buerger Zeitung publishes a letter from a soldier in Peking who said he witnessed the following scene:

"Sixty-eight captives, some of them not yet adults, were tied together by their pig tails, beaten bloody by the Germans, compelled to dig their own graves and shot en masse."

The Halberstadter Volks Zeitung prints a communication from Peking in which the writer says: "No prisoners are taken. All are shot, or, preferably, sabred to save ammunition. On Sunday afternoon we had to bayonet 74 prisoners. They had killed one of our patrolmen. An entire battalion pursued them and captured 74 alive. It was cruel. It was indescribable."

The Post, of this city, semi-officially, made the following announcement Thursday. "As the third clause of the Anglo-German agreement is intended to operate in the event of one power acting in opposition to the principles laid down, it ceases to be important, all the powers accepting it."

London, Nov. 5.—Dr. Morrison, wiring to the Times from Peking November 1, says:

"The evidence in the Pao Ting Fu trial to fix the responsibility for the massacre showed that an American lady, before execution, was led naked through the city, and that her breasts were cut off. The destruction of two temples is not adequate punishment for such inhumanity."

"Advices from Tien Tsin," says the Shanghai correspondent of the Times, wiring Sunday, "show that disorganization and absence of security are the chief characteristics of the allied occupation."

St. Petersburg, Nov. 5.—The Rossiya, a newspaper of wide circulation, again emphasizes the importance of Russia's separate interests in China and demands that she should definitely abandon the concert of powers and negotiate a separate peace.

Sank a Fishing Schooner.

Queensdown, Nov. 5.—The Cunard liner Saxonia, Capt. Pritchard, from Boston October 27, which arrived here Sunday morning, brought 13 members of the crew of the fishing schooner Mary Mosquito, which the Saxonia sank off Gloucester on the day of her departure from Boston. One member of the crew was drowned. The commander was not damaged.

Treasury's Condition.

Washington, Nov. 3.—Friday's statement of the treasury balances in the general fund, exclusive of the \$150,000,000 gold reserve in the division of redemption shows: Available cash balance, \$137,205,515; gold \$92,346,077.

Forty-Five Converts.

London, Nov. 3.—Dr. Dowie concluded his first installment of his London campaign and baptized in secret 45 converts. He left for a tour of the provinces Friday, and early in December will storm Paris.

PUBLIC DEBT STATEMENT.

The Total Debt is \$1,391,407,352—There is a Cash Balance on Hand of \$287,005,032.

Washington, Nov. 2.—The monthly statement of the public debt shows that at the close of business October 31, 1900, the debt, less cash in the treasury, amounted to \$1,104,402,320, a decrease, as compared with last month, of \$1,754,531.

The debt is recapitulated as follows: Interest-bearing debt, \$1,001,499,750; debt on which interest has ceased since maturity, \$3,430,030; debt bearing no interest, \$386,477,571; total, \$1,391,407,352.

This amount, however, does not include \$740,965,679 in certificates and treasury notes outstanding which are offset by an equal amount of cash on hand. The cash in the treasury is classified as follows: Reserve fund, \$150,000,000; trust funds, \$740,965,679; general fund, \$123,625,053.

In national bank depositories to the credit of the treasurer of the United States, \$89,818,435; to credit of disbursing officers, \$6,659,658. Total, \$1,111,071,877, against which there are demand liabilities outstanding amounting to \$824,066,844, which leaves a cash balance on hand of \$287,005,032.

A GOOD SHOWING.

Report of the Commerce of the Island of Cuba for the Ten Months Ending April 30.

Washington, Nov. 2.—The department of customs and insular affairs, war department, made public Thursday a summary of its regular monthly bulletin, showing the commerce of the island of Cuba for the ten months ended April 30.

This statement shows that the value of all the merchandise imported during the period was \$59,925,339 and of gold and silver \$5,105,287, giving a total importation of \$65,030,626. Of this amount \$29,386,588 worth was sent from the United States and \$1,447,456 worth came from Porto Rico.

The total exportation of merchandise amounted to \$35,404,421, of which agricultural products formed the greater part.

The export of gold and silver was \$3,299,553, making the total value of all exports from Cuba \$38,703,974. The United States took \$28,936,232 worth of these exports and \$80,157 worth went to Porto Rico.

FOUGHT ON A TRAIN.

Mr. Hardin Was Stabbed By Senator Hemrick—Others Received Slight Injuries.

Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 2.—A special from Valdosta, Ga., says:

It leaked out Thursday that a fight occurred Wednesday night on the special train bringing the Georgia legislators here to attend the state fair. There was a difficulty between some of the members and it is understood that Mr. Hardin, of Wilkes, was stabbed by Senator Hemrick. Mr. Hardin was put off the train at Forsyth for medical treatment. Several other members including Mr. Cann, of Chatham, received slight injuries in the effort to separate the belligerents. It is said that the men were the best of friends and whisky is given as the cause of the trouble. The party very much regretted the affair and none of them can be induced to talk about it.

MAJ. DAVIS DEAD.

He Died in the Philippines of Chronic Bright's Disease—A Veteran of the Rebellion.

Washington, Nov. 2.—Gen. MacArthur, at Manila, notified the war department Thursday that Maj. John G. Davis, U. S. V., died at Manila Thursday morning of chronic Bright's disease. Maj. Davis was a native of Illinois and a veteran of the war of the rebellion. At the outbreak of the Spanish war he was appointed major and surgeon of the 7th United States volunteer infantry and remained in the volunteer medical establishment up to the time of his death.

In the early part of 1899 Maj. Davis was the chief sanitary officer of Havana. At the time of his death he was chief surgeon of the Third district of Southern Luzon.

DEMAND AN APOLOGY.

French Officers Forebly Ejected From a Special Train Carrying United States Soldiers.

Tien-Tsin, Nov. 1 (via Shanghai, Nov. 2).—Wednesday at Yeng Tsai a party of French officers occupied a coach of the special train assigned to carry the 14th United States infantry to Tong Ku, and declined to leave when requested to do so. Col. Daggett, of the 14th, called the American guard and forcibly ejected the officers. The French are greatly incensed over the incident and demand an apology.

Pencils for Europe.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Nov. 2.—A local manufacturing company Thursday shipped 1,000,000 slate pencils to London, and began work on an order of 2,000,000 for Paris. Heavy shipments were recently made to India and Australia by the same company.

The Russian Crops.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 2.—The minister of agriculture estimates Russian crops for 1900 as being considerable below the average. These estimates are based on the reports of 7,100 correspondents.

AFFAIRS IN ALASKA.

Annual Report of Brig. Gen. Geo. Randall, Commander.

There is a Large Area in the Territory Which Has Not Been Prospected Where Gold Can Yet Be Found.

Washington, Nov. 5.—Brig. Gen. George M. Randall, commanding the Department of Alaska, under date of September 20, at St. Michael, has submitted his annual report. A great deal of the report is devoted to conditions at Nome, which he found upon his arrival at a critical stage. It was difficult to obtain convictions by a jury trial in the United States commissioner's court, which emboldens the lawless. Labor organization prevented the men from working for less than \$1 an hour.

Fully 18,000 people arrived at Nome in June. Claim jumping was the order of the day. Nearly every one seemed to think he had a Divine right to take possession of a claim or town lot which he found. Many property owners were disposed to defend their rights by taking the law in their own hands. The arrival of troops prevented bloodshed and serious disorder. On the request of the chamber of commerce, the military took charge, thoroughly examined into all complaints, and where the rights of property could be determined placed it in the possession of the lawful owner. Capt. W. A. Bethel, who acted as judge advocate in these cases, is highly praised by Gen. Randall.

The sanitary conditions were placed under control of Maj. Chas. E. Bert, surgeon, who has heretofore reported upon conditions. The energetic efforts of the military improved these conditions during the summer.

There were about 500 men working on the beach at Nome with machinery at one time, and many declined to give answers concerning the prospects for gold, while others admitted they were taking out only from \$4 to \$6 a day. The beach was practically worked out last year. The tundra is believed to be rich, but it would require large capital to produce results.

There is a large area of country which has not been prospected, where gold can be found, but it requires men of experience to develop such a country. Gen. Randall discusses the various points where mining operations have been in progress.

He says it has been decided to establish a permanent military post on the island of St. Michaels. He recommends the purchase of two stern wheel steamers for operations on the Yukon and that all coal, forage and building material intended for Alaskan posts be started from Seattle not later than June 15 and shipped in sailing vessels for economy; also that a cable be laid from Seattle, via Juneau and Skagway.

SENATOR C. K. DAVIS.

He is Decidedly Worse, and Grave Fears Are Entertained for His Ultimate Recovery.

St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 5.—The condition of Senator C. K. Davis was reported as decidedly worse Sunday and grave fears are entertained that if his life is saved it may be at the cost of his foot or possibly his right leg. The pus which had formed in the fore part of his foot, and for the removal of which two surgical operations were performed, has now gathered further back toward the heel, and indications are that it is permeating the entire limb. The fever with which the distinguished patient was suffering on Friday has returned and does not yield as readily to treatment as formerly. The surgeons in attendance held a consultation Sunday and it was decided to send at once to Chicago for the best specialist to be had. The senator was very restless and suffered much pain Sunday. He has not been told of the serious nature of his ailment and chafes greatly under the enforced confinement.

Two Steamers Aground.

Hamburg, Nov. 5.—The Hamburg-American line steamers Furst Bismarck, bound from this port for New York, via Southampton and Cherbourg, and the Pretoria, from here, bound for New York, via Boulogne and Plymouth, both went aground while passing down the Elbe at Schutlau, about 13 miles from here. Assistance has been sent from here to help the stranded vessels off.

Construction Stopped.

Hermosillo, Mexico, Nov. 5.—The construction of the branch line of the Sonora railroad, which is a part of the Southern Pacific, to the San Marcial coal fields, in this state, has been stopped, and it is reported that the project is to be abandoned. The building of this road was one of the pet projects of C. P. Huntington during the later years of his life.

Stolen Title Deeds Found.

Rome, Nov. 5.—Searches made at Genoa, Milan and Florence have resulted in the discovery of title deeds, stolen from the Vatican, valued at 220,000 francs. A man and a woman were arrested at Genoa, and a search of their house disclosed a quantity of American title deeds.

Army Paymaster Decamps.

Berlin, Nov. 5.—An army paymaster named Wild, at Darmstadt, has fled. Large defalcations in his accounts have been discovered upon investigation.

CAPITALIST MURDERED

Lawyer Patrick and the Millionaire's Servant Under Arrest.

The Valet Confessed That the Attorney Gave the Victim Poison, and He Later on Attempted Suicide in His Cell.

New York, Nov. 2.—The death of the wealthy William Marsh Rice at his Madison avenue apartments on September 23; the attempt of his New York attorney, Albert T. Patrick, to cash checks for large amounts which purported to be signed by the millionaire; the refusal of one bank to cash the checks drawn on it, and the discovery by the bank officials that Mr. Rice was lying dead at the time the checks were presented; the subsequent claim by Patrick that Mr. Rice had made him by will the trustee of his estate, which amounts to anywhere from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000; the charge of forgery, both as regards the checks and the will, placed against Patrick and Mr. Rice's valet, Charles F. Jones; the arrest of Patrick and Jones and their lodgment in jail have kept New York interested for over a month in what, by the developments of Thursday, promises to become the most celebrated of the many celebrated crimes which the courts of this city have been called on to investigate.

The first incident that led up to Thursday's climax was the fact disclosed Wednesday that Valet Jones had been taken to the district attorney's office and the subsequent rumor that he had made a confession to the authorities. Before the public had time to learn if the report of the confession was true came the more startling news that during the night Jones had in his cell in the Tombs attempted suicide by cutting his throat with a penknife given him, he says, by Attorney Patrick, also confined in the Tombs and for the purpose of getting rid of one witness to Patrick's alleged crime.

His crime according to the confession of Jones, parts of which the district attorney's office gave out Thursday was nothing less than the murder of the millionaire by Attorney Patrick and the poisoning of valuable papers relating to the estate. The taking off of Mr. Rice, says Jones, was done by the internal administration of some poison supposedly mercury, and the final application of a towel saturated with some anesthetic, presumably chloroform. That portion of the confession which has to do with the last moments of the old man is the following, given out by the authorities as coming from Jones, the scene taking place in the apartments of the millionaire and he lying sick in bed:

Rice said: "I am very nervous, Mr. Patrick. I wish you wouldn't trouble me. Please go away."

Patrick replied: "I have some salts here, Mr. Rice, that will cure your nervousness."

He produced a bottle and unopened it. The contents smelled to me like some very strong liniment. Then Patrick said to me: "Get me a towel and a sponge."

I got him both. Then Patrick said: "Jones, you have to leave." I left. As I was leaving Patrick said: "I'll remain here until Mr. Rice gets to sleep." He closed the door behind me.

I stood in the hall for a few minutes, and soon I heard Mr. Rice laugh. I thought this was queer, so I pushed open the door. I saw Mr. Rice lying on his back in bed.

The towel that I had given Patrick was wrapped around the sponge in a cone shape. This cone was lying directly over Mr. Rice's eyes and nose. Patrick was pressing it down with his right hand. Patrick did not see me, and, of course, Mr. Rice could not. After seeing what I had seen I went and lay on my bed.

Mr. Rice grew very sick. Patrick said to me: "Go get a doctor." I went for one. He pronounced Mr. Rice dead.

Attorney Patrick denies having furnished Jones the penknife and he also denies the statements in the confession.

Jones after his suicidal attempt was taken to Bellevue hospital hastily summoned physicians having just been in time to save him from death through loss of blood. At 8 o'clock Thursday night the hospital surgeons said he was slightly better and the chances are that in a few days he will again be returned to the Tombs.

The report from the hospital at midnight was that Jones was out of danger.

Candidate Commits Suicide.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Nov. 2.—County Treasurer Henry B. Proctor, nominated by the republicans for state senator from the 17th district, committed suicide Thursday afternoon by taking laudanum. Campaign criticism of alleged irregularities influenced his action.

Work of the Yints.

Washington, Nov. 2.—The monthly statement of the director of the mint shows the total coinage at the mints of the United States during October, 1900, to have been \$9,508,610, as follows: Gold, \$5,120,000; silver, \$4,148,000; minor coins, \$240,610.

Iron Prices Reduced.

London, Oct. 2.—In hopes of stemming American and German competition the leading iron men of Staffordshire and Worcestershire issued circulars Thursday announcing a reduction in price of 20 shillings a ton

CHINA NEEDS HELP.

Present Invasion May Prove a Blessing to the Nation.

For Centuries the Common People Have Been Robbed by Corrupt Officials—How the Empire Is Ruled.

[Special Correspondence.]

MANY thousands of good people, both in this country and Europe, are wasting an abundance of sympathy on the Chinese government. Individually the Chinese may be entitled to thoughtful consideration, but the sooner his influence for mischief is a subject of a moribund civilization is destroyed the better for himself and mankind at large.

There is no reasonable doubt that China has for more than a century had the most corrupt government with which any country has ever been cursed. From the throne down to the local tax collectors, office has been used as a means to enrich individuals at the expense of the public; and the few brave men who have now and then dared to protest openly against this universal system of spoliation were executed without trial and in the most cruel fashion.

The cabals and intrigues in the imperial palace at Peking were followed by crimes too dark for comprehension by the western mind. The voice of justice was strangled by assassin or executioner, and true patriots were "removed" by seemingly occult means. The imperial family—Tartars by descent and disposition—was back of all this horrible injustice and made tools of the avaricious nobles appointed to rule the several provinces of the empire. The advent of "foreign devils" was, of course, viewed with alarm by the fanatical and fanatical Tartar officeholders. They were quick to see that European intervention would sooner or later put an end to their tyranny and force them to safeguard, in a measure at least, the rights of the common people.

The fear of the judgment to come caused the reactionaries to organize and support the Boxer movement. The emperor, Kwang Hsu, an easy-going and not overly-smart young man of 30 or thereabout, was kept carefully in

the dark. He was allowed to issue edicts, which were never obeyed. The famous dowager empress provided him with European toys, a wife and 12 concubines; and attended to all affairs of state herself. When it became evident that the emperor would have no issue, she assembled the council of state and had its members select the oldest son of Prince Tuan as heir presumptive. Prince Tuan—one of the most adroit as well as unscrupulous of Chinese leaders—placed himself at the head of the Boxer society whose purpose, the extinction of all foreigners and Christian converts, appealed to the bigotry and jealousy of the mandarins. The dismal failure of the plans of the Boxers and the subsequent invasion of China by the troops of the allied powers have placed Prince Tuan's head in jeopardy and may lead to a complete reorganization of Chinese methods of government.

Inasmuch as but very few are familiar with China's governmental system as it has existed for hundreds of years, an outline of its various branches should prove of interest to every student of history as well as to all observers of current events.

Under the ancient Chinese constitution the absolute control of the empire is entrusted, nominally at least, to the emperor, who is the supreme legislator of the nation, commander in chief of the army and navy, chief civil administrator of the empire, lord chief justice, owner of all of the land comprised within the limits of the country, archpriest and everything else worth mentioning. His official title is "Tien-Si," signifying "Son of Heaven." Theoretically he rules over the whole of the earth, and, according to trustworthy reports, there are millions of Chinamen who devoutly believe that all the nations of the world acknowledge their emperor as chief lord. An anomaly it seems almost that in spite of the wide powers possessed by the "Son of Heaven" he is liable to be removed by popular vote on the appearance of any great scourge, such as a prolonged famine or drought or a severe visitation of the plague.

The "Keung-ki-Chu" is a body which corresponds to the cabinets of western powers. It is composed of the leading statesmen and politicians of the empire, and its members visit the imperial palace every morning to confer with the emperor. The cabinet is controlled by an executive body, the "Ne-ko," composed of ministers noted for their sagacity, or wickedness. Other governmental departments are the "Tsung-li-yamen," which is the Chinese foreign office, and the "Li-fan-Yuen," or colonial office, which looks after the rights of foreigners dwell-

ing in China and governs the provinces and tributary states of Mongolia and Tibet.

The "Han-lin," or Sacred College of Learned Men, is an interesting body composed of the empire's best scholars, and to be elected to a membership in it is considered a great honor. The college controls the boards of works, ceremony, revenue, military and naval affairs, office punishment, etc. Incidentally it also examines candidates for office in their literary, artistic and scientific attainments.

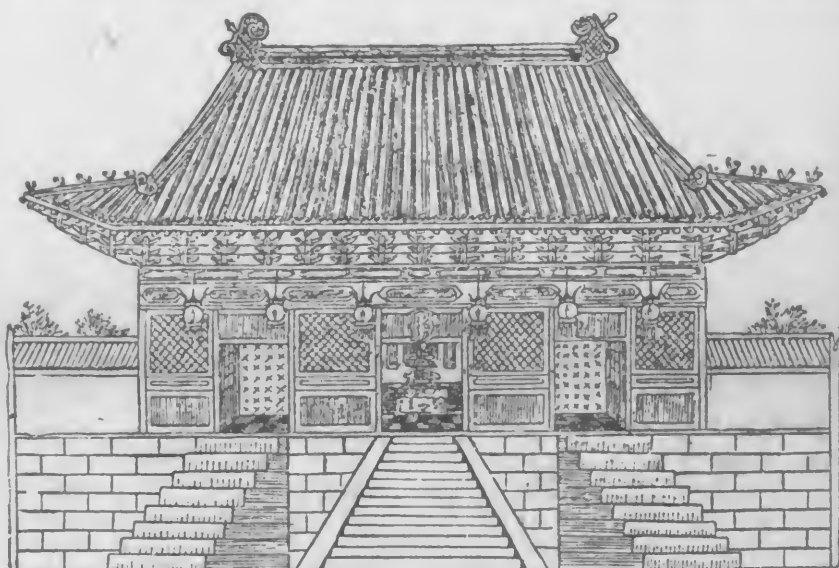
From time immemorial the Chinese have been great sticklers for ceremonial etiquette, and it is consequently no surprise to learn that the board of ceremonies is one of the hardest worked departments of the empire. It is subdivided into a committee of etiquette, which regulates all affairs concerning marriages, funerals and public celebrations; a committee on mutual intercourse, which has charge of the reception of illustrious strangers; a chamber for the management of festivities and imperial functions, and a committee on music and the drama.

An additional body—and one, too, that wields almost autocratic power—is the "Tu-char-Yuen," or the board of censors. Its special duty is to scrutinize the works of the mandarins throughout the empire, and its word is almost law.

Each province in the empire is, in addition to these national bodies, gov-



KWANG HSU, EMPEROR OF CHINA.



IMPERIAL AUDIENCE HALL, PEKING, FROM A CHINESE PAINTING.

erned by a mandarin with the title of "Szuin-Fa," or viceroy. This official is a despot in his district, and possesses the sole right of approaching the throne on any matter connected with his province. The life and death of those under him are in his hands, and he is commander-in-chief of the local troops. As a sort of set-off to these immense powers his tenure of office is very insecure, and he is liable to be removed on the most trivial pretext, such as the outbreak of a riot or rebellion in his province. Suspension, moreover, is usually followed by his death at the hands of the executioner.

Under the mandarins is a horde of minor officials, such as local superintendents of taxes, provincial judges of the criminal court and educational examiners. Each of the provinces is split up into several large divisions which are in their turn divided and subdivided almost to infinity. Each little department has its little officials, and even the smallest among them must pay a tribute to his superior.

The common people have no rights whatever. They are permitted to work so that they can pay taxes. In order to keep their places the local officials rob the day laborers and bribe the district authorities. The district authorities rob the merchants and bribe the provincial officials. The latter extort money from the landowners and hand over a part of the spoils to the mandarins. And that dignitary extorts contributions from everybody in sight and sends a fair percentage to Peking to propitiate the imperial authority there.

In many sections of China highway robbery is countenanced by the authorities. The police are given a tip not to catch members of certain gangs of highwaymen, and an officer who neglects to take such a hint finds himself without a job. Highwaymen not so protected are treated with incredible cruelty—surely a pointed lesson that it is unwise to engage in robbery without dividing the spoils with the so-called "guardians of the peace."

Nothing but a political earthquake can correct the abuses so faintly outlined here; and certainly no one who has the true interests of the Chinese at heart would argue against the introduction of reforms. Should the present occupation of Peking by the troops of Europe and America lead to a reorganization of affairs in China, the Boxer massacres, terrible as they were, would prove a blessing to civilization, not too dearly bought with the blood of scores of noble men and women.

G. W. WEIPPERT.

STAGE SNOWSTORMS.

How a Pathetic Scene in Which One Figured Was Completely Spoiled.

The stage snowstorm, as a rule, lacks variety and realism. It is as palpably unreal as the soap box ice cakes on which hunted Eliza skips uncertainly in her frenzied flight across a make-believe Ohio river in one-night stand portrayals of Harriet Beecher Stowe's exposition of bygone slave days, says the St. Louis Republic.

There is nothing convincing in a spasmodic downfall of paper snowflakes, sifted from a perforated box in the flies and enveloping the heroine in distress, while the stage to right and left and in front and behind her is as bare as a San Francisco pavement in winter.

Joseph K. Grismer, actor, playwright and stage director, has reformed all this. He thought out and perfected an ingenious device by which the snowstorm in "Way Down East" is made to look real. The snow seems to have set in to last all winter, and the wild, whirling flakes drive past the windows of the old farmhouse and drift furiously through the opened door as if blown upon the wings of a howling gale.

Mr. Grismer, skillful as he has proved himself in working up the storm in "Way Down East," was not always so successful in this sort of stage illusion. His first attempt was at Glens Falls, a one-night stand in New York, years ago, when he was playing leads to the emotional heroines of Annie Ward Tiffany. "East Lynne" was the play and Miss Tiffany conceived the idea that it would add a spice of novelty to recite "Beautiful Snow" in one of the scenes where she had the entire stage to herself. Mr. Grismer warmly approved the idea and suggested that the effect would be greatly enhanced by the introduction of an incidental snowstorm. Miss Tiffany thought the suggestion a good one, and as no reliance could be placed upon country stage hands Mr. Grismer volunteered to be responsible for the snow effects.

Providing himself with a bucketful of fine-cut paper, he mounted a tall stepladder and proceeded to sift the snow down by hand just outside the window in front of which the star was declaiming with impassioned fervor. Mr. Grismer was congratulating himself upon the superb effect he was creating when a local stage hand looked up with a grin and sarcastically remarked:

"You gosh-blamed idiot! That window ain't transparent. It's solid and painted on canvas, and the audience can't see nothing."

This fact had also dawned on Miss Tiffany, who had taken furtive peeps over her shoulder to see how hard it was snowing. She was rapidly reaching the pathetic climax of the poem. In a frenzied aside she whispered to Mr. Grismer: "I'll throw open the door; let the snow come down there!"

Grismer frantically shifted the ladder so it would be nearer the door, but Miss Tiffany an instant later flung the door open with such violence the ladder was upset, and down came Grismer, snow, bucket and all, in full sight of the audience. There was a yell of derision as the fallen leading man picked himself up and the curtain was hastily rung down amid a tumult of laughter.

TRIPLE WINDOW OPENINGS.

A Good Arrangement for the Admission of Light and Air.

Some of the decorators' ideas in the use of windows are very effective. They may be adopted in old houses without the expense of throwing out a bay window, all that is required for a series of windows being the insertion of a row of openings along one side of the room, narrow frames alone separating the different sashes. The triple window may be made by grouping two extra ones beside one already in the room. If the room is in a corner a very effective arrangement is secured by putting windows on each side of the corner. A seat may then be run across the angle and cushioned and upholstered with eretone or some other handsome fabric, says the Washington Star.

A very effective use of windows was recently made in a small house whose little parlor was hopelessly cheerless, with an unattractive outlook on a busy city street. It happened to be a corner room, with a window narrow and modern at each side of the corner. The shadows of the houses on either side kept the room gloomy even at midday. It happened that the tenant was of some years' standing and the landlord was willing to humor the lady of the house when the suggestion was made to let more light into the room. The housewife obtained an idea of what she wanted from the decorator and succeeded in inducing the landlord to let him put the design into execution. This is what was done: The side windows were widened toward the corner, at which point two wide windows were put in, leaving space for a broad wooden panel between. A shelf and panels were put under the windows. Tiny diamond-shaped panes of tinted glass were set in the frames, which were fixed that either the upper or lower sash could be swung back on a hinge. This in summer admitted a great deal more fresh air than would have been possible with an ordinary window. Above the windows was stretched a rich portiere that fell in long, graceful folds to the floor. Ruffled Swiss curtains were draped on one side of each window. Opposite the center of the windows stood a small table, on which was set a fancy china lamp, covered with a tinted shade.

G. W. WEIPPERT.



His Opinion.

"Do you think that it is a man's duty to acknowledge always he is in the wrong when he has a difference of opinion with his wife?"

"Well," answered Mr. Meekton, reflectively, "better late than never. But it really seems to me he ought to have had sufficient perception to know that he was in the wrong before there was any discussion of the matter whatever."—Washington Star.

His Sense of Pride.

"Henrietta," said Mr. Meekton, "there is one request which I should like to make of you."

"What is it?"

"If I get to acting a little bit overbearing don't notice it. At any rate, don't hold it up against me. You see, every once in awhile I get to thinking of the fact that I am Henrietta Meekton's husband, and I can't help feeling just a mite naughty."—Washington Star.

Cause of His Sorrow.

Judge—You are charged with breaking a chair over your wife's head. What excuse have you to offer for such an act?"

Prisoner—I'm very sorry, your honor, but I did it in a moment of anger.

Judge—And you now regret your hasty action, I suppose.

Prisoner—I do, indeed, judge. That chair cost me seven dollars.—Chicago Daily News.

The Good Time in the Morning.

No use weepin' w'en de sun don't shine; Keep all de mo'nens in de hopeful line; Good time comin' on de road we gwine, Good time comin' in de mawnin'.

No use in weepin' on de rocky way; Black sky showin' er de rainbow ray; Light is a-breakin', hit'll soon be day— Good time comin' in de mawnin'.

—Atlanta Constitution.

FEMINE LOGIC.



He—Already another new dress? And I've been losing so much money in my business!

She—Just for that reason, dear! You told me not to let anybody notice that you're in trouble.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Same Old Thing.

There's no fresh wisdom, but from day to day Man thinks the same old thoughts in some new way.

—Chicago Record.

Brevity.

"Way is brevity considered the soul of wit?" asked the man who asks foolish questions.

"Because," answered the man who makes foolish answers, "when a man is short he is much more likely to be acute. Nothing stimulates mental activity like needing the money."—Washington Star.

Where It Ended.

"The man who wrote 'Home, Sweet Home' was a bachelor, I believe," she said.

"Yes," he replied, "what a beautiful thing would have been lost to the world if he had married before he wrote it."

Then they came out from behind the palms.—Chicago Times-Herald.

More Serious.

Askit—What ever became of that patient of yours you were telling me about last spring?

Dr. Sokum—Oh, he's got a complaint now that's giving me a great deal of trouble.

Askit—Indeed? What is it?

Dr. Sokum—It's a complaint about the amount of my bill.—Philadelphia Press.

An Unfailing Test.

Foreign Visitor—Is that college a really fine educational institution?

Americau (proudly)—Is it? I should say it was. They've got the most idiotic college yell to be heard in the whole country, sir—yes, sir.—N. Y. Weekly.

Evidently.

Warwick—Mohammed's idea was that the church should advance by means of warfare.

Wickwire—Ah, he'd have the choir and minister quarrelling all the time, would he?—Judge.

A Question of Degree.

Mr. Broadway—Then you are a widow.

Mrs. Gay-Wabash—Why do you think so?

Mr. Broadway—You spoke just now of your "late husband."

Mrs. Gay-Wabash—O, you are mistaken. I spoke of my latest husband.

—Harlem Life.

WHAT SPURRED HIM ON.



"Hay! I thought the doctor had forbidden your beer drinking!"

"Yes, so he thought. But he didn't know the kind of a man he was dealing with. Opposition brings out all my latent determination."—Meggersdorfer Blaetter.

This Is True.

Some have no respect for truth, And frequently abuse it; While others have all due respect, But very seldom use it.

—Chicago Daily News.

A Musical Instrument.

"Tin Peddler (who has met with an accident)—What vill I do now? Effery wheel of my wagon is broke.

Boarder (consoling)—Leave the tins in the wagon just as it is and perhaps you can sell it to one of the boarding-house keepers for a piano.—N. Y. Weekly.

This Comes from England.

"Waiter, bring me a couple of soft-boiled eggs."

Voice (at next table)—The same for me. But, waiter, be sure they are fresh.

"All right."

Waiter's voice in the distance—Four soft-boiled eggs; two must be fresh.—Tit-Bits.

Where He Sold Them.

Mr. Raisem—Yes, we get good prices for our cabbages, but we have to haul them so far there is no money in it.

Mr. Quizzit—But I thought you were within a square of the market.

Mr. Raisem—The market? Oh, yes. But the tobacco factory is two miles away.—Baltimore American.

Unsympathetic.

He complained of a terrible, ghastly pain in his stately dome of thought, And he knew that her sympathy he would gain.

If she loved him as she ought, But, alas, for the throbbing in his head, Its horrors were not allayed.

When that unsympathetic maiden said: "Tis thought but an aching void."

—Harlem Life.

ANOTHER VIEW OF IT.



Woman (asking alms)—Please, sir, pity a poor woman, the mother of ten children.

Man—Pity you! Mother of ten children! Why, woman, in this age that is something to be proud of.—Harlem Life.

An Orator's Impression.

A sense of pride my soul enfolds, I smile with kindling eye To look my one small larynx holds The whole vox populi!

—Washington Star.

Deceived.

"I hear that you bought a gold brick down to the city, Uncle Reuben," said a resident of Clover township to a returned traveler.

"That's what the feller said it was," replied Uncle Reuben, ruefully, "but it turned out to be brass."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Twentieth Year—Established 1881.)

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

WALTER CHAMP, } Editors and Owners.
SWIFT CHAMP, }

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For President,
HON. W. J. BRYAN,
of Nebraska.For Vice President,
ADLAI STEVENSON,
Of Illinois.For Congress,
SOUTH TRIMBLE,
Of Franklin County.For Governor,
J. C. W. BECKHAM,
Of Bardstown.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

JAILER.

We are authorized to announce Wm. C. DONSON as a candidate for Jailer of Bourbon County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Geo. W. JUDY as a candidate for Jailer of Bourbon County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce W. H. BOONE as a candidate for Jailer, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Wm. B. NICKELS as a candidate for Jailer of Bourbon County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce SAM'L T. JAMES as a candidate for Jailer of Bourbon County, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Frank Duvall, of Riddles Mills, will be my deputy.

ASSESSOR.

We are authorized to announce W. B. FINCKLAND as a candidate for Assessor of Bourbon County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce HARVEY HIBLER, of Paris, as a candidate for Assessor of Bourbon County, with HENRY L. CAYWOOD, of North Middletown, as deputy, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce CHAS. PEDDICOARD as a candidate for the office of Assessor, subject to the action of the Democratic party. If elected, my deputy will be W. G. McClintock.

Gov. Beckham's Closing Speech.

Governor Beckham closed the campaign in Louisville Saturday night with four speeches. He was greeted by tremendous crowds, and the indications are now that he will carry the city, which has heretofore been considered doubtful, by several thousand majority. He was heard by about 4,000 people at Fourteenth and Gallagher streets, where he made his first speech. The crowd there was especially enthusiastic. Governor Beckham never showed to advantage. About 3,500 persons heard him at Seventh and St. Catherine streets. Here the Executive confined his remarks to the laboring class, who made up the majority of his audience. He was also heard by about 4,000 persons at Shelby and Oak and Phoenix Hall. All the Democratic clubs in the various sections of the city where the Governor was scheduled to speak were in attendance, and Kentucky's stalwart young Governor was accorded a great ovation everywhere.

A vote for Bryan is a vote to smash the blood-sucking trusts.

Put the X in the circle under the rooster and let it go at that.

REMEMBER the polls are open from six till four. Vote early.

A vote for Beckham is a vote for law and order and peace and prosperity in Kentucky.

A VOTE for Beckham is a vote against assassination and intimidation. Put the X in the circle under the rooster.

Let every Democrat do his duty and see that his neighbor does likewise. The stay-at-home vote has elected many a political opponent.

Political Notes.

Gov. Roosevelt has completed his campaign. In eight weeks he has traveled 21,509 miles in twenty-four States and made 673 speeches to a total of 2,000,000 people. He breaks all records, including that of Mr. Bryan four years ago, at which time Mr. Bryan traveled 19,000 miles and made 599 speeches.

Chairman Jones' Predictions.

"The fight is won. * * * The Democratic majority in the electoral college will be ample. * * * In a general way, I should say that there will be somewhat of a falling off of Bryan's strength compared with 1896 West of the Mississippi river, and that East of the Mississippi he will make overwhelming gains. * * * The country is aroused as it has not been since the days preceding the civil war." —James K. Jones, Chairman National Democratic Committee.

Another Republican Scheme.

Charles Bruner, a prominent young Democrat, and Sam Crowds, colored, were arrested at Danville by United States Deputy Marshal Con McCarty, charged with violating the Federal election laws. The warrant was sworn out by George Peters, colored. Bruner and Crowds were taken to Lebanon, where they gave bond to appear for trial yesterday. There is great indignation among the Democrats of Boyle county over the arrests, and threats of retaliatory arrests are being made.

MILLERSBURG.

Mrs. W. M. Miller is improved.

Dr. Huffman's little girl is no better.

Miss Susan Cracraft, guest of relatives here, has returned to Sharpsburg.

Mr. Ed Patton and Miss Young, of Cynthiana, visited friends here Sunday.

The State College Foot Ball team beat the M. T. S. team here Saturday, score 5 to 0.

Mrs. Bennet Bean and Wat Judy, of Middletown, were guests of James Montgomery, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Becraft returned Thursday from a visit with her relatives at Jacksonville, Ill.

Ladies of the Christian Church will serve lunch to-day and oysters to-night at Masonic lunch rooms.

Mr. W. H. H. Johnson and family and Mrs. Lida Conway, of Paris, visited relatives here Sunday.

The election returns will be received by wire at the opera house to-night, by W. V. Shaw. Tickets on sale.

See our patent extension table, and get one of our wool bed pads.

JOE W. MOCK.

Miss Kate Edgar, of Paris, attended the county institute here Saturday. There were several speeches, good music, etc., and all passed off well.

Hon. Emmet Dickson spoke Saturday afternoon at the opera house to a large crowd. Mr. L. H. Carter was not able to attend on account of sickness in his family.

SHEEP FOR SALE.

Two hundred and seventy-five good ewes. Nearly all black faces.

BISHOP HIBLER & BRO.

Price's Pure Pork Sausage

We are again handling
PRICE'S LEXINGTON
SAUSAGE.This is absolutely
pure PORK Sausage.
No beef in it.If you buy it, you will
find it the best you ever
ate.

James Fee & Son.

Grocer.

Palate
Pleasers!

The most fastidious epicure in Kentucky can find a hundred things to please his palate at our store. Everything known to fancy grocers always in stock. All goods fresh, and all orders filled promptly. Name your menu, then call us up—we'll do the rest.

Saloshin & Co,



\$3.50 for our best Kid Shoe—Lace or Button—any weight sole. Newest shapes and patterns.

\$3.00 for our "Bourbon Belle" Shoes, the best in the city. Heavy, medium or light soles and stylish shapes. Try a pair. They're comfortable.

Clay's Shoe Store,

Cor. Fourth and Main Sts., Paris, Ky.

I Sell All the Best grades of
COAL
Known to this Market.

THE
Laurel
Kentucky,
COALS,
Bird-Eye, Anthracite,
AND
COKE.

THE
PROCTOR
JELICG
COAL!

Give me a
CALL.

R. J. NEELY.
Be sure to see NEELY before buy.

Don't Forget

WE SELL THE
CELEBRATED

Radiant Home

STOVE.

Winn & Lowry.

For Sale!

JUST WHAT THE HOUSEKEEPERS
NEED—20 and 50 pound Coffee Bins with
good tops. Will hold 100 lbs. Sugar or
Flour, or bushel of Meal. Just the thing to
have in your pantry or kitchen. Only 15
cents each. Come quick or you won't get
one.

Our Coffee still leads, and always
will, because it's better than any other
brand sold in the city. Our OLD KY.
brand at 19c is better than lots of Coffee
sold 25c and 30c. Our BOURBON
BELLE brand at 25c is good enough for
a Queen to drink.

A welcome visitor—Butter Scotch
Syrup will arrive next week. No comments
are necessary. Bring in your jugs and
and kegs.

Watch for Thursday's bargains.

PRATHER'S.

431 MAIN ST., - - - PARIS, KY.

Election Notice!

We have elected a man who makes it his
special work to take measures for

SUITS, OVERCOATS,

&c. He will be at our store on **Monday, Oct. 29th.** He brings with him over 400 styles of Foreign and Domestic Woolens. Latest patterns and designs. We have in stock a splendid line of Ready-to-Wear goods of every kind as low as the lowest. We invite your inspection of our stock.

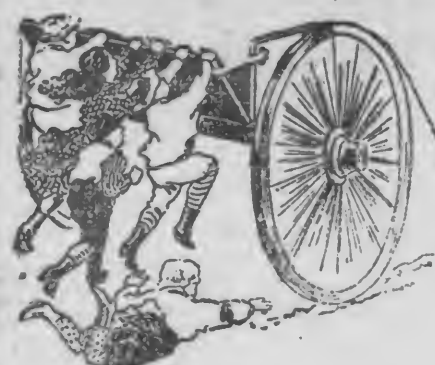
W. T. TALBOTT & CO.



Introducing Fall Shoes.

We've had Summer enough, and we should not complain if the prediction of the weather man prove correct, "Rain Followed by Cold Weather." Now is the time to prepare for this change—and our store is filled with the newest creations in Fall Shoes. Such Shoes you never saw as to beauty, fit and comfort. Every pair fully guaranteed, and yet we sell them cheap. Call on us; call quickly; the quicker the better. You'll be glad you come; so will we.

....Davis, Thomson & Isgrig....

Don't Get
Left Behnid

By not keeping your eyes open to the good things that I am offering. Don't think it over too long, because the prices I am making you on

Hammocks,
Baby Carriages,
Go-carts,
Refrigerators,
Carpets and
Wall Paper.

Don't last always. Come and look anyway.

Undertaking in all its branches.
Embalming scientifically attend-
ed to. Carriages for hire.
Furniture repaired. Household
goods moved. WOOD MANTELS
and TILINGS always on hand.

I can furnish you at any time
an experienced man for mantle
work.

THE HANDSOMEST LINE OF
LAMPS in Central Kentucky.

TELEPHONE NO. 36.

NIGHT PHONE 22 OR 56.

J. T. HINTON.

I have also just added the handsomest AMBULANCE in the State to my already large stock of vehicles and it is ready to answer your calls at any time.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Twelfth Year—Established 1881.]
[Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second class mail matter.]

TELEPHONE NO. 124.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.
[Payable in Advance.]
One year \$2.00 Six months \$1.00
Make all Checks, Money Orders, Etc., payable to the order of CHAMP & BRO.

All Clothing bought of Price & Co., kept in repair free of cost for one year.

HENRY LILLESTON has accepted a position at the postoffice.

ATTENTION is called to C. F. Didlake's ad. in another column.

Near this city Sunday night to the wife of James Dodge, a daughter.

CORN WANTED.—Highest market price paid.
E. F. SPEARS & SONS.

A FIRE alarm box has been placed at the opera house corner. The number is 27.

REV. H. E. SPEARS has resigned as rector of the Episcopal Church at Cynthiana.

SEE the new and pretty French flannels in all shades and figures at Heyman's.

DR. H. C. BOWEN, optician, will be at A. J. Winters & Co.'s Thursday. Examination free.

BROOKS FRANKS had fifty dollars stolen from his pocket while on Main street Saturday night.

INSURE YOUR tobacco, all farm property with T. Porter Smith. Rates as low as the lowest.

ROBERT L. PARKS, of this city, has secured a position as bookkeeper for H. & S. Pogue & Co., in Cincinnati. He will board in Bellevue, Ky.

JOHN FOX, JR., the novelist, has finished his new book, "Crittenden, a Kentucky Story of Love and War," and it is now with the publishers.

TWENTY-TWO members of the Winchester A. O. U. W. and twenty from Cynthiana were guests of Garth Lodge, in this city, one night last week.

SHOES that please in style, fit and price, are what the purchaser wants. All these guaranteed at Davis, Thompson & Isgrig. (dec25)

WHILE walking on Sycamore street Sunday afternoon with a party of boys Withers Davis, son of Mr. J. W. Davis, slipped on a brick and fell and broke his right arm between the elbow and wrist.

CARL CRAWFORD'S barber shop is easily the best and most convenient place in Paris to get a shave, bath, haircut or shine. Three expert barbers furnish a quick and satisfactory service. Good bath service attached.

SEND the BOURBON NEWS to your absent friends. It gives them all the news twice a week and is better than a letter from home. To a person away from home nothing is more acceptable than the home paper. Now is the time to subscribe.

S. M. DICKINSON, late proprietor of the Paris Cash Shoe Store, has accepted a position as traveling man for a large shoe manufacturing company. He will make Paris his headquarters and Mrs. Dickinson will board here.

HEZEKIAH UTTERBACK, who has been in jail for several months pending an appeal on the last sentence passed upon him for killing Doc Clinkinbeard, is very ill of typhoid fever. He has been removed to Jas. Earley-wines' boarding house.

The Western Union has arranged to receive election returns from every point to-night at the court house. The Western Union wires cover every State in the Union, and all wires will be used to carry election news. If you want to hear the returns go to the court house.

The Bryan and Beckham Club, of Clintonville, has presented Miss Margaret Ingels with a silver heart, engraved as follows: "From Bryan and Beckham Club to Miss Margaret Ingels, October 30th, 1900." It is on exhibition at A. J. Winters & Co.'s to-day.

The Turkey Trade.

G. S. BRENT & BRO. will begin the slaughter of turkeys in a few days. The price has not yet been established.

Warren Bacon has gone to Flemingsburg to take charge of the turkey trade at that point for Brent & Bro.

Court Day Sales.

There was a large crowd in Paris yesterday to attend November court and talk politics. There were about three hundred cattle and a few sheep on the market at the new stock pens. Ben Woodford bought twenty 1,050-lb. cattle at \$4.10. W. G. and T. H. Talbott bought 25 800-lb. cattle from McIntyre & McClintock at four cents per pound. Frank P. Bedford bought twenty-five 750-lb. cattle from Jonas Weil at \$27.50 each. J. E. Clay bought a bunch of cattle at a price not learned.

A Destructive Fire.

SATURDAY afternoon shortly after three o'clock R. B. Hutchcraft's three story brick ware house on Third street, and his large seed cleaning establishment which adjoins on Pleasant street, were entirely destroyed by fire. It is presumed that spontaneous combustion caused the fire. Owing to the highly combustible nature of the contents there was no chance to save the building. All of the hands were at work at the time of the fire. Mr. Hutchcraft was in the country buying wheat when the fire occurred.

Eighty thousand bushels of wheat, 45,000 bushels burning, and a large lot grass seed and some wool were stored in the buildings. Mr. Hutchcraft's loss will be about \$75,000, with about \$42,800 insurance. The insurance is divided between the Forman & Parrish, W. O. Hinton, Hugh Montgomery and T. Porter Smith agencies—the Smith agency carrying the larger share.

The fire spread across Pleasant street to warehouses of A. Shire, Ford & Co., Newton Mitchell, Mrs. Scotland Highland, and O'Brien & James stable, but the flames were extinguished.

W. H. Boone's blacksmith shop was also destroyed by the fire and Samuel Kerslake & Sons' shop was damaged.

George Stuart's warehouse was considerably damaged by a wall falling on one end of it.

Spears & Sons' warehouse was in great peril during the fire but escaped damage.

The Forman & Parrish agency carried \$13,600 on the Hutchcraft properties, and \$2,000 on contents of the Massie warehouse, the latter being partially damaged.

The W. O. Hinton agency had \$5,000 on contents of the Hutchcraft houses, and one thousand on contents of G. W. Stuart warehouse.

R. K. McCarney's agency carried the Samuel Kerslake property, which was fully covered by insurance.

This is the second time—not the fourth as has been published—that Mr. Hutchcraft has lost his warehouses by fire, but his splendid business capacity and his indomitable courage and enterprise have made him forge to the front again.

Mr. Hutchcraft has not yet decided whether or not he will rebuild. Mr. Hutchcraft came to Paris in 1873 from off a farm and entered the grain and seed business. The plant just burned was one of the most extensive of the kind in Kentucky. When Mr. Hutchcraft came to Paris bluegrass seed was cleaned by rubbing it through a meal sifter, and he was the first to clean it by steam power. He patented and built a machine which he used until a year ago when it was torn down and rebuilt.

The fire company did remarkable work in saving the surrounding buildings. It was impossible to save the Hutchcraft warehouse, and the fire ladders were badly handicapped in their work by the weak pressure of the waterworks and the fierce heat of the fire. They worked nobly and were rendered valued assistance by volunteers.

Mr. F. B. Carr had the yard engine pull alongside the fire and the engine did fine work in throwing water. He also had freight cars ready to haul away G. W. Stuart's grass seed.

Mayor Perry and several Councilmen took a prominent part in directing efforts to save property. The Lexington Department was wired for help, and had an engine on the train when the fire was gotten under control by the local department.

School Board Tickets.

VOTERS have two non-partisan tickets for members of the Board of Education to choose from to-day: One ticket is composed of

James McClure, C. Arnsperger, B. C. Ingels, R. P. Dow, W. T. Talbott, W. T. Overby.

The other ticket is composed of N. F. Brent, C. M. Thomas, R. P. Cow, F. P. Walker, W. L. McClintock, W. F. Talbott.

To The Farmers.

H. MARGOLIN, the butcher, is prepared to butcher your hogs and render your lard for you in a prompt and satisfactory manner. He guarantees good returns from his butchering and rendering. Let him do the job and take the trouble off your hands. (6-3t)

Mr Bronston's Speech.

Hon. Charles Bronston, of Lexington, addressed a very large audience at the court house Friday night. Mr. Bronston, who was a trifle hoarse, confined himself almost exclusively to State issues, and his speech was received with great enthusiasm. There were many ladies in the audience.

Wants To Bet.

P. J. Millett, the coal mine owner and railroad contractor, who bought the Hibler farm, near this city, wants to bet on Bryan. He will bet \$10,000 at ten to seven that Bryan carries Kentucky, and ten thousand even that Beckham carries Kentucky.

Corn Wanted.

HIGHEST market price paid for corn. (Nov 6th) PARIS MILLING CO.

THE MOVING THROG.

Notes About Our Guests, Arrivals and Departures—Society's Doings.

—Mr. Will Simms is ill.

—Mrs. J. D. Feeney is visiting relatives in Richmond.

—Prof. Boone, the hypnotist, is at home on a brief visit.

—Mrs. Wm. Myall visited friends in Lexington, Saturday.

—Mrs. John Woodford was a visitor in Lexington yesterday.

—Mrs. Brown, of Cincinnati, is the guest of Mrs. Amos Turney.

—Mrs. J. M. Hall was a Paris visitor in Lexington yesterday.

—The Cynthiana Dancing Club will give a dance on Thanksgiving night.

—Miss Lizzie Hill is visiting the family of Chas. Reickle, in Cynthiana.

—Miss Elizabeth Fisk, of Covington, is the guest of Miss Sallie Joe Hedges.

—Miss Mary Best Tarr will be hostess to the new euchre club Thursday night.

—Miss Kate Alexander will leave next week for a visit to friends in New York.

—Miss Sue Graves arrived yesterday afternoon to visit her sister, Mrs. H. H. Roberts.

—Miss Eva Freeman arrived Saturday afternoon for a visit to her sister, Mrs. W. O. Hinton.

—Miss Margaret Butler left Saturday for a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Morrison, in Charleston.

—Miss Sallie Bronston, of Lexington, is the guest of Miss Nannie Clay, at "Marchmont."

—Mr. and Mrs. John Barnes, of Mt. Sterling, were guests at Mr. B. A. Frank's Sunday.

—Mrs. Artie Ashbrook came up from Cynthiana, Saturday morning, for a short visit with relatives.

—Mrs. A. J. Winters and son, Barnett, have arrived home from a visit to relatives in Eminence.

—Mrs. E. M. Dickson and daughter, Miss Lizzette, are home from a visit to relatives in Richmond.

—Miss Josephine Mann, of Nicholasville, will arrive this week to be the guest of Miss Alice Spears.

—Mr. George Kent Varden, who is attending Ohio Medical College, is at home to spend a few days.

—Miss Mary Stoll returned yesterday to Lexington after a visit to Misses Mary and Annie Talbott, on Duncan avenue.

—Mr. James Kelley and Miss Nannie McMeekin, of Georgetown, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Ferguson, near Paris.

—Mr. and Mrs. Hughes Bronston, of New York, have arrived in Lexington for a visit to recuperate the former's health.

—Hons. Abe Renick, of Clark, and South Trimble, of Frankfort, were among the visiting politicians in the city yesterday.

—Mrs. B. M. Renick, Mrs. J. T. Ireland, Mrs. W. W. Mitchell, and Mrs. Newton Mitchell were among the Parisians in Lexington Saturday.

—Mrs. James Hutton, of Cincinnati, is the guest of Miss Nannie Clay. Mrs. Hutton was formerly Miss Sallie Johnson, of Mt. Sterling.

—Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Davis have moved into their new home, the Owens property, on Duncan avenue, which they recently purchased.

—The Musical Club at Cynthiana will give a reception Saturday afternoon at Mrs. Elizabeth Megibben's, in honor of Mrs. Fanniebell Sutherland, of this city.

—Mrs. Wortham, who has been the guest of Mrs. George Alexander, left Saturday morning for her home. She was accompanied as far as Cincinnati by Mrs. Alexander.

—Mr. and Mrs. Sidney G. Clay, Miss Anits Bell and Capt. J. R. Rogers attended Gen. J. B. Gordon's lecture in Cynthiana last night on "The Last Days of the Confederacy."

—Mrs. Hughes Bronston, who arrived at Lexington Sunday from New York, came down to Paris yesterday afternoon for a short visit at the home of her father, Mr. George Alexander.

—The Courier-Journal says: Mrs. Board, of Paris, who is the guest of Mrs. W. L. Lyons, has returned home. She was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Tuesday by Mrs. H. C. Grinstead, and an eight-hand euchre party given Thursday morning by Mrs. Harry Lyons.

—Misses Annie Louise and Sue Clay leave to-morrow for New York, and will sail Saturday for Liverpool on the Cunard Line S. S. Etruria. They will be accompanied by a Baltimore lady, who was one of their teachers while in college in that city. They will be absent several months. The Misses Clay have many friends to wish them a pleasant voyage and a safe return home.

Farms Sold.

A. D. Veach, of near Elizabeth, has bought a farm of 150 acres, near Centerville, from E. L. Simms. The price was not learned.

Joe Smith, of near Centerville, has bought 170 acres near Stamping Ground, Scott county, at forty dollars per acre.

U--SELDOM--G

The Fair.

Prices we are making like this for next Friday, Bargain Day, U-Seldom-C: Full size single wash boards, 12c; boys' drums with sticks, each 10c; dish pans, fair quality, 10 qt. size, each 10c; granite milk pans, 6-qt. size, at 14c; Bixby's Shoe Dressing for ladies' shoes, O.K., per bottle, 5c; paste stove polish, at box 4c; Yucatan chewing gum, 2 packages for 5c; children's school satchels, worth 20c and 25c, slightly soiled, each 10c; ink tablets, a 10c tablet at a 5c price, white wove paper, nearly 200 pages each, 5c; good floor mops, heavy and good quality cotton, each 18c; milk cans, 19-qt. size 5c; glycerine soap, 3 cakes in a box, per box 9c; leather back horse brushes, 15c; long and broad day books, fine quality paper, extra good value, each 8c; pearl buttons, no nicks or chips in them, real pearl, per doz. 5c; best leather shoe soles, 10c and 14c a pair; leather cement, a bottle 10c; cobbler's outfit, containing shoe knife, hammer, brads, lasts, etc., in wood box, per box, 49c; zephyr, white, slightly soiled, worth 10c bunch, now 3 bunches for 5c, in colors, 2 bunches for 5c; ice wool, 5c a hank; paper lead pencils, (self-sharpening), each 1c; envelopes, No. 6½, business size, 10c quality, a package of 25 at 4c a package. Silverware stamps given with each 10c purchase. THE FAIR.

Gone Home To Vote.

Mr. Bryan concluded his tour of Chicago and practically closed his campaign with four speeches Saturday. He left last night for his home in Lincoln, Neb., where he will vote and receive election returns. A civic parade marked the close of his campaign in Chicago.

Prisoners Removed.

Jim Howard, the condemned murderer, and Henry Yontsey, the convicted conspirator, were Saturday removed from Frankfort to Louisville. It was feared that an attempt to mob them would be made if Yerkes should be elected.

I have a few good buggies yet on hand which I close out at cost. JAMES H. HAGGARD.

New Stock Pens.

Yesterday for the first time in many years there were no stock sales on the public square. The recent city ordinance which prohibited such sales caused them to be transferred to the new cattle pens on the bottom land at Second and High streets. The new arrangements were satisfactory to all parties.

THE FARM AND TRUFF.

News For the Farmer, Trader and Stock Raiser.

The Winchester Sun reports the sale of 100 barrels of new corn at two dollars delivered.

Three-fourths of the tobacco growers of Harrison county have signed an agreement to raise no tobacco next year if the other fourth will sign the paper. They think they can in this way advance prices.

W. T. Overby sold in Cincinnati last week fourteen hhds. of tobacco at \$12.50 to \$9.95. J. D. Booth sold seven at \$16 to \$11.24 and five at \$13.75 to \$12.50. B. F. Congleton, of Nicholas, sold three at \$10.75, \$10.50 and \$10.50.

PUBLIC SALE

— OF —

Pretty Suburban HOME.

One of the prettiest and most complete suburban homes in Paris. Having made arrangements to go West, I will, on

November 24, 1900,

at the Court House door in Paris, at 11:30 a. m., sell to the highest bidder my residence in East Paris. The house contains eight rooms, hall and pantry, and extra good cellar. The place contains about eighteen acres of land with good orchard. Two good cisterns and waterworks. A good stable and cabin, hen house and all other necessary out-buildings.

Will also sell at the same time and place my two-story brick business house on corner of Tenth and Main streets. All are invited to call and see the places before day of sale.

C. F. DIDLAKE, Paris, Ky.

A. T. FORSYTH, Auctioneer.

Grand Opera House!

L. H. RAMSEY, Lessee and Manager. R. S. PORTER, Resident Manager.

Wednesday, Nov. 7th.

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT FOR ONE NIGHT OF THE

Keystone Dramatic Co.,

Supporting Lawrence B. McGill and Miss Gertrude Shipman, in the greatest of all English melodramas,

Under Sealed Orders,

By JAMES W. HAWKINS.

Carload of Special Scenery. New Plays, New Specialties.

22—PEOPLE—22

Prices—10, 20 and 30.

Reserved Seats on Sale at Brooks' Drug Store.

G. Tucker.

LARGEST DRY GOODS STORE
IN THE CITY.

TABLE LINENS and NAPKINS--

This season we are showing an entire new line. To be up-to-date, you should have a stripe cloth with napkins to match.

Why Not?

Daffodils on Bar Stripes.
Roses on Stripes.
Maiden Hair on Stripes.
Carnation Pinks on Stripes.
Hare Bells on Stripes.

Napkins to Match.

OUR SPECIALS---Cloaks. Furs and Capes.

OUR Clothing

Meets Your Wants In

Style, Quality and Price.

PARKER & JAMES,

FOURTH & MAIN STS., - - PARIS, KY.

If you cannot read this small print at a distance of 14 inches your eyesight is failing and should have immediate attention:

Imperial spectacles and eyeglasses have perfect lenses, always perfectly centered and made of purest material, set in frames of the highest quality and consequently of greatest durability, united with the utmost lightness and grace. With its frames and lenses are scientifically fitted by Dr. S. H. Bowen, a man who does not know how to fit them. You will get poorly adjusted spectacles, or poor, imperfect lenses, and are better off without any glasses than with either of these defects. Buy Imperial spectacles of a reliable, skillful dealer, and they will last longer without change and be cheapest in the end.

We have engaged the services of Dr. S. H. Bowen who will visit our store on the second and last Thursdays of each month and invite all to call and have their eyes examined, for which there is no charge. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Next visit—Thursday, Nov. 8, 1900. Hello, 170.

A. J. Winters & Co.

469 Paris Wives

At least, have had trouble in keeping a cook during the Summer. Much of their worry could have been avoided, however, if they had called on—or called DOW & SPEARS. We have lots of ready-prepared foods, and many things needing little preparation. Everything in stock is fresh—if we haven't what you call for, it only takes a moment to get it. Call us up.

DOW & SPEARS

Autumn WITH HER GOLDEN LINES AND ROYAL GREETINGS IS HERE.

But we have taken the hint from her advance agent and procured a large stock of Fall Clothing to be sold at popular prices. Best top coats, latest patterns, silk lined, can be had from \$10 to \$20.

THE SUITS ARE Good quality at \$10, \$12.50 and \$15. Boy's and Children's Suits, just the thing for school, \$2.50 to \$5.

PRICE & CO.

CLOTHIERS.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.)
Published every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owner.
SWIFT, CHAMP, Editors and Owners

OUR MEN OF PURPOSE.

What has the country boy to say
Of country boys that "made their way"?
The brown lad, standing at the stile,
Nods toward the homestead with a smile.
Points to the plow, the field, the mill,
The tiny schoolhouse on the hill,
And tells with pride how from the farm
A Lincoln's sturdy voice and arm,
A Garfield's eloquence and might,
A Whittier's prophetic sight,
The faith of Grant and Washington
Our cause upheld, our battles won,
And strengthened in its trial hour
The bulwarks of our country's power.

What has the city boy to tell
Of city boys who served us well?
He points us to a thousand strong
Renowned in story and in song,
A thousand who have won their way,
Whose names shine like the stars to-day.
He tells how from the town there came
A Franklin's never-ending fame,
An Irving's saga that has not set,
The genius of an Everett;
Beneath the city's roofs and domes
There sprang the peerless wit of Holmes,
The treasured power of Motley's books,
The eloquence of Phillips Brooks.

What, then, brave toiler in the town,
Strong plowboy, in the pasture brown!
When youthful purpose clearly sees
Exemplars in such men as these—
Join effort, like our men of old,
To speed the common Age of Gold;
Join forces in their noble strife
To seek the purest joys of life;
Join hands together, and be brave
Their legacy of faith to save.
Whatever drudges and doubters say,
Be men of purpose, boys, to-day.
—Frank Walcott Hunt, in Youth's Companion.

Managing a Sick Husband

"WELL, if she treats him like that I won't answer for the consequences," replied Mrs. J. Matrimonial Bliss, laying down her lace work and shaking her head solemnly at the Atlantic ocean, rolling its blue summer waves before the veranda on which she and Miss Emily Lonely sat gossiping.

"For my part, I think she is a very tender, devoted wife, and he's a surly brute," retorted Miss Emily. "The partitions in these summer hotels are so thin I couldn't help hearing when he said something about a devilish bore, and she replied, in the gentlest way: 'Dear, you aren't well,' and then his language became perfectly awful. I simply put my fingers in my ears. I can't help thinking how in the past few days all her ideals must have become shattered by his behavior, and they have only been married two months. Men are such treacherous creatures. Sometimes one does appreciate one's dignified independence," and Miss Emily gave her water color version of his majesty the Atlantic, a notion that looked like a white celluloid pucker chip gone astray.

Mrs. Bliss laughed cheerily. "He isn't a brute, Miss Emily. He's just a little run down, poor, young man, and his confiding, adoring, pretty little wife evidently hasn't got far enough along in her knowledge of the sex to realize that there is a mighty big difference in the best methods of taking care of a sick woman and a sick man. Now, we all know that a woman wants to be coaxed and cuddled, petted and fussed over when she is ill. She grows quite fond of her medicines, loves to tuck up among pillows and discuss her symptoms, and speak in a still, small voice, and make large, pathetic eyes of a suffering gazelle at her relations and the doctor.

"If there is one insult that a man more acutely resents than another," Mrs. Bliss continued, "it is illness, and he deeply objects to being reminded of it. He knows that he is then unmanly and more or less an object of amused pity to his own sex, so a sick husband must be handled with gloves. It is wisely tact that tides him over, and that is what our little friend should learn. She really is painfully obtuse. Last night she tried to put her white worsted shawl about his big, broad shoulders, made him change his seat, because she suspected he was in a draught, and reminded him of his pills right before all the other men. Do you wonder he used winged words; that is to say, direct colloquial language; though, being newly married, he spoke in a tone only she could hear and complied with all her requests except the use of the shawl. In consequence, she was hurt and huffy, and her eyes grew pink, and then he got madder and went out, by way of revenge, and stamped up and down the wet beach, reveling, no doubt, in the knowledge that she was wringing her hands on the piazza and longing to rush out, and on her knees to offer him his overshoes, but her pride and fear of his manly wrath held her at bay."

"And you think that's kind and tender and noble and—" began Miss Emily Lonely, in wrathful amazement.

"No, Miss Emily," chuckled Mrs. Bliss; "but it's masculine and natural, and I've been all through it with my John. Did I ever tell you about the time that John Matrimonial Bliss, Esq., banker, broker, after-dinner speaker and retired warrior, came down with the German measles?"

Miss Emily shook her head.

"He doesn't dream to this day that he ever was the victim of so pesky a little ailment, but sometimes, when he chooses to reminisce about his wonderful escapades and daring adventures, he nods across the table at me and refers to the summer of his return from Cuba, when he had a very close call, and I say, with a sort of break in my voice: 'Oh, Jack, don't talk of it, and he leaves the impression with his appreciative male listeners that he has faced worse things than San Juan Hill.'"

"That summer I knew Jack was drooping when he began running down the coast, but I didn't suggest there was any loss of appetite. From being

an entirely sociable creature, he seemed to find pleasure in sitting alone and glowering a good deal, and when I assumed a more cheerful air than usual he tried to explain himself by saying, in the weird vernacular of downtown, that the street had cold feet.

"The last familiar phase that always leads to some sort of an attack with my husband is when he, as mild a man as ever paid bills or dismissed tipsy cooks, began to—excuse me, Miss Emily—but to enrage things. Then I knew John was ill, and the crisis came when he got into a perfectly towering rage with the end of a palm leaf that tickled his nose while he sat reading his Sunday paper. I apologized for and removed the palm, and when the racking headache developed I lightly suggested the hot weather, a touch of possible malaria and invited the doctor in to tea.

"Well, the long and short of it was John spent four days in bed, and I bundled off the children and covered myself with glory trying to keep my lord in spirits, and at the same time in his room. We never once let on it was measles; that would have hurt his dignity, so the doctor and I talked on a basis of ineptient typhoid, brought on by Cuba and overwork, and alarmed him into obedience, while I kept up his courage by wondering at his superb constitution. Poor Jack, he was scared into fits at the sight of his temperature, for, manlike, once persuaded he is ill, he glooms over the future, and I could easily have given him a serious setback by watching him with pained, anxious eyes, by tiptoeing around the room, kicking his poor pulse, pleading with him to eat, hushing all normal, familiar sounds, and begging him every ten minutes to tell me how he felt.

"Treatment of that sort drives a man either in a rage, out of his bed or puts him into alternate nervous chills and fevers of sheer fright. The proper nursing for one's husband is to make his sick room look cheerful and agreeable, walk around as if there was nothing to be afraid of and speak in a pleasant, buoyant tone of voice. Gloat over his splendid resistive powers when he gets down in the mouth, for no man likes his constitution to be impugned any more than his honesty or his courage, and by proving to him that, though it suffers terrible strains, it comes out always ahead, you can flatter and stimulate him to his great benefit. When the time comes for the nasty dose allow him to dedicate it with all the naughty words in his vocabulary. It helps him, he thinks, and then, when it goes down with a whoop and a gurgle and more language and facial contortions, assure him you don't see how he does it, that being a woman you would faint over the ordeal, and then he lies back,



"I'VE BEEN ALL THROUGH IT WITH MY JOHN."

feeling himself strong, even in his weakness.

"As to feeding a sick husband, I don't think there is a bigger mistake than to pester him with requests as to what he would like, to wait at his loss of appetite and to get up untempting invalid dishes. Men are sociable creatures, and if John is taking any solid food at all I dine and lunch and tea and breakfast with him. If I eat with him he doesn't feel as if he were being dieted, and, to tell you the truth, barring a few really injurious things that the doctor may put on the menu expurgatorious. I always feed my sick man on the best and most various the market can afford. We've had some really jolly meals on the counterpane.

"The last and most precious sacrifice a wife can make to her ill or convalescing lord is to yield her point in argument. Now, I don't mean a high and noble fortitude when he grows absurdly angry over some foolish trifle, or a pained Christian silence when he contradicts or stiffens himself to refuse his medicine. That attitude irritates, but I mean when he takes some strange but harmless notion in his head, contrive if possible to let him have his way, and when anything must be talked over yield to him the rich and rare delight of accepting his view. Yield slowly, for he will want to thoroughly enjoy the sweets of victory, but yield nevertheless, and in after days you can resume your old, original, obstinate position, and he won't contest it with you."

"It's a pity," remarked Miss Emily Lonely, as the lunch gong roared through the hall, "that you couldn't give some of that really sensible advice of yours to our little friend out there moping so tearfully under the lawn tent."

"Oh, she will find it out by and by," assured Mrs. J. M. Bliss, rising with hungry alacrity. "There is no school for sharpening woman's wits like joining the big class in matrimony."—Globe-Democrat.

No American Merchants There.

In the whole of Venezuela there is not an American dry goods store, this branch of business being controlled almost exclusively by German, French or native Venezuelans.

'Twasn't Mark Twain.

How an Audience Took an Unknown Temperance Lecturer for the Famous Humorist.

Mark Twain is a good talker, and invariably prepares himself, though he skillfully hides his preparation by his method of delivery, which denotes that he is getting his ideas and phrases as he proceeds. He is an accomplished artist in this way. His peculiar mode of expression always seems contagious with an audience, and a laugh would follow the most sober remark. It is a singular fact, writes Will M. Clemens, in Ainslee's, that an audience will be in a laughing mood when they first enter the lecture room; they are ready to burst out at anything and everything. In the town of Colchester, Conn., there was a good illustration of this. Hon. Demetrius Horner having a most unpleasant experience at the expense of Mark Twain. Mr. Clemens was advertised to lecture in the town of Colchester, but for some reason failed to arrive. In the emergency the lecture committee decided to employ Mr. Horner to deliver his celebrated lecture on temperance, but so late in the day was this arrangement made that no bills announcing it could be circulated, and the audience assembled, expecting to hear Mark Twain. No one in the town knew Mr. Clemens, or had ever heard him lecture, and they entertained the idea that he was funny, and went to the lecture prepared to laugh. Even those upon the platform, excepting the chairman, did not know Mr. Horner from Mark Twain, and so, when he was introduced, thought nothing of the name, as they knew Mark Twain was a pen-name, and supposed his real name was Horner.

Mr. Horner bowed politely, looked about him, and remarked: "Intemperance is the curse of the country." The audience burst into a merry laugh. He knew it could not be at his remark, and thought his clothes must be awry, and he asked the chairman, in a whisper, if he was all right, and received "yes" for an answer. Then he said: "Rum slays more than disease!" Another, but louder laugh followed. He could not understand it, but proceeded: "It breaks up happy homes!" Still louder mirth. "It is carrying young men down to death and hell!" Then came a perfect roar of applause. Mr. Horner began to get excited. He thought they were poking fun at him, but went on. "We must crush the serpent!" A tremendous howl of laughter. The men on the platform, except the chairman, squirmed as they laughed. Then Horner got mad. "What I say is Gospel truth!" he cried. The audience fairly belabored with mirth. Horner turned to a man on the stage, and said: "Do you see anything very ridiculous in my remarks or behavior?" "Yes, ha, ha! It is intensely funny—ha, ha, ha! Go on!" replied the roaring man. "This is an insult!" cried Horner, wildly dancing about. More laughter, and cries of: "Go on, Twain!" Then the chairman began to see through a glass darkly, and arose and quelled the merriment, and explained the situation, and the men on the stage suddenly ceased laughing, and the folks in the audience looked sheepish, and they quit laughing, too, and then the excited Mr. Horner, being thoroughly mad, told them he had never before got into a town so entirely populated with asses and idiots, and having said that, he left the hall in disgust, followed by the audience in deep gloom.

HOW ZULU WOMEN SEW.

It is a Great Distance from Those Primitive Males to the Sewing Circle.

The skill of the Zulu of South Africa in sewing fur is a household word in South Africa, and some of the other tribes compete with them. The needle employed is widely different from that used by the ordinary needlewoman. In the first place, it has no eye; in the second, it is like a skewer, pointed at one end and thick at the other, says Stray Stories.

The thread is not of cotton, but is made of the sinews of various animals, the best being made from the sinews in the neck of a giraffe. It is stiff, inelastic, with a great tendency to "kink" and tangle itself up with anything near it. Before being used it is steeped in hot water until it is quite soft, and is then beaten between two smooth stones, which causes it to separate into filaments, which can thus be obtained of any strength and thickness. Thus the seamstress has a considerable amount of labor before she commences with the real work in hand.

Finally, she squats on the ground (for no native stands to work or do anything else who can possibly help it), and, taking her needle, bores two holes in the edges of the rug or garment on which she is working. The thread is then pushed through with the butt of the needle, drawn tight, and two more holes are made with a like result, the skewer progressing very slowly compared with an English needlewoman, but fast enough for a country where time is of no value whatever.

The skin upon which the seamstress is working is dampened with water before she commences, and as the damp thread and hide dry out it brings the work very closely together. This is carefully attended to, and the work is not allowed to get dry until finished, when the seamstress lays it flat upon the ground, pulling it this way and that, and mixing and arranging the hair for several hours, until the skin being generally dry, it is impossible to find the joint or hem with the naked eye.

ABOUT ELEPHANTS.

Attention Needed by the Big Beasts in New York's Central Park.

The elephant, as is familiarly known, is a vegetarian; it eats hay, and grass and grain, and that sort of thing, and the amount of food it consumes is in proportion to its bulk. And not only is it thus a large eater, in accordance with its size, but its appetite is continuous; it would eat all day if it were permitted. A good, big elephant might get along on 150 pounds of suitable food in a day, or it would eat 500 if that amount were provided for it. A knowledge of the elephant's peculiarity in this respect enables those who have occasion to take it to board, as circus and menagerie people, to keep it at less expense than could those not acquainted with it who should try to give the poor beast all it wanted to eat, says the New York Sun.

When grass is conveniently obtainable the cost of an elephant's keep may be materially reduced; as it is, for example, in the case of the two big elephants in the Central park zoo. These eat in summer part hay and part grass, the grass being of that cut in keeping the park in order.

The elephants have a habit of throwing hay over their bodies to protect themselves from annoyance by flies and mosquitoes or other insects. "A good many people think," says Elephant Keeper Snyder, "that his thick skin must save him from being bothered by such things, but as a matter of fact the elephant is as sensitive to such attacks as many much thinner skinned animals."

Leaning over the railing in the elephant house in Central park the other day, talking elephant with Keeper Snyder, was a tall, stalwart sailor man of Uncle Sam's navy; the ribbon around the broad-topped hat that he wore tilted rakishly, being stamped in gold letters, with the name of the big battleship Kearsarge. The big sailor man was interested in elephants; he had been where they grow and had seen hundreds of them in swimming together in a river. For the sailor man's benefit, Keeper Snyder stepped back between two of the cars in the front of the inclosure in which Tom, the larger of the park's two elephants, is kept, and made him kneel, which he will do at the word; and when he was thus down, and his back was within reach he took a broom and swept off from the elephant's broad back the thick of the hay there was upon it.

This sweeping off the elephant's back appeared to please at least one of the visitors in the elephant house very much; this visitor saying he had seen folks sweep houses and steamboats and stores and sidewalks and a great many other things and places, but that that was the first time he had ever seen anybody sweep an elephant.

And yet, as every showman knows, sweeping the elephant is, in the case of elephants held in captivity for show purposes, not only a common thing to do, but it is a regular part of the daily duties of the keepers who have the care of them. If a show had a herd of elephants or one or two elephants, and it gave a street parade before the opening of the show, the last thing done about the elephants before they came out into public view would be to sweep them off. And the same thing would be done before each performance; before they went on into the ring they would all kneel and be swept. Whoever has attended the circus must have seen elephants pick up a lot of dirt from the ground and fling it up on their back, a common thing for them to do; but they don't come on that way; they come on spick and span, in accordance with an established custom of the business.

They do just so with the elephants at the zoo in Central park. The menagerie is opened to the public in the morning at a fixed hour, before which time all preparations have been made, and, everywhere, everything is in order. The last thing done in the course of these preparations in the elephant house is to have Tom and Jewel, the two big elephants there, kneel and have their backs swept.

Why the Oyster Crop Fails. It is pointed out that partial failure of the oyster crop in certain years, the diminution in size of oysters on the market and the extinction of many oyster beds that formerly were famous—the "saddle rocks," for instance—have been due to want of material for the production of the oyster shell. The beds throughout the oyster belt have steadily deteriorated in late years, and in many cases become absolutely worthless, in spite of the fact that food has been supplied artificially at great expense and trouble, and wire fences have been used to protect the oysters from the starfish. For this trouble the depletion of the water by sewage and waste of various manufacturing establishments have usually been blamed, sometimes justly, sometimes without cause. What the oyster must have or it will perish, is a full supply of carbonate of lime with which to build its shell. Near the mouths of rivers, where carbonate of lime in mechanical solution, as it is expressed, comes down from the hills and plains of the interior in drainage, the oyster has all the material it needs for building its house, and, at the same time, the inflowing tide brings it ample food.—Boston Transcript.

One Definition.

"What is an agnostic, grandpa?" "Why, it is a man who doesn't believe in doctors until he is sick."—Moonshine.

HOGS DIG BRITISH GOLD.

Treasure Buried in Revolutionary War Found in South Carolina.

Jeff Richards, a negro tenant on the plantation of R. L. Wallace, near King's mountain, in York county, S. C., has discovered, or rather his hogs discovered, a quantity of gold believed to have been buried by the British officers before going into battle at King's mountain. How much was contained in the iron box cannot be ascertained, as Mr. Wallace is keeping Jeff from talking, but it is known to be a rich find. The dates on the coins show that all of it is over 125 years old, and this is the reason for supposing that it was buried during the revolution. The money is in one and five-guinea pieces.

After confining some "woods" hogs in a pen built on the bank of King's creek Jeff Richards went to feed them. The pigs had gone to rooting deep and Jeff's eyes fell on yellow spots in the upturned mud. He took the gold to Mr. Wallace to ascertain the value. Then a further search was made and the rusty iron box, from which some of the gold had dropped, was unearthed. It was heavy with the weight of gold.

WILL WINTER IN NEW YORK.

Mrs. Potter Palmer Planning to Give Notable Series of Social Entertainments.

Letters received in New York city from Mrs. Potter Palmer, whose social success in Paris has been gratifying to friends, announced that she will make her home in New York city next winter and will give a series of social entertainments which promise to be the most notable she has ever attempted. Mrs. Palmer writes she has leased Beaulieu, W. W. Astor's villa at Newport, where she passed the summer two years ago. She is already planning for a series of big summer entertainments.

Mrs. Palmer is negotiating for a winter house in Fifth avenue. She wants one already furnished, as she does not care to bring any furniture from Chicago.

While Charles T. Yerkes was in Paris she tried to obtain his house, but Mr. Yerkes was not ready to give her an answer until he returned to New York. Mrs. Palmer also tried to rent the house which Howard Gould has taken for the season.

HOWE SHUT OUT.

Mistake in the Count Leads to Report That Inventor Had Secured Place in Hall of Fame.

According to Chancellor Henry M. MacCracken, of the New York university, an error was made by the counting committee in the canvass of votes sent in by the 100 Hall of Fame electors by which 53 votes were credited to Elias Howe instead of 47. The mistake arose through counting 14 chief justices as supporting him, when the correct number was 11. Failing therefore, to receive 51 votes, the name of Elias Howe is not included among those to be inscribed this year. This reduces the roll of names to 29 and leaves 21 vacant panels to be filled two years hence. The official count will be published in a few weeks in the Look of the Hall of Fame.

Up to Story.

The price of coal took the elevator when it went up, but, says the Chicago Record, it will leisurely walk down the stairs coming back.

In-Famous.

The Chicago Tribune has discovered that Uncle Sam himself, being much alive, can have no place in his own Hall of Fame.

THE MARKETS.

Cincinnati, Nov. 3.		
CATTLE—Common	3.50	3.50
Extra butchers	4.75	4.85
CALVES—Extra	6.75	7.00
HOGS—Choice packers	4.65	4.70
Mixed packers	4.35	4.60
SHEEP—Choice	2.60	3.25
LAMBS—Extras	5.10	5.25
FLOUR—Spring pat.	3.90	4.30
WHEAT—No. 2 red	76	76
CORN—No. 2 mixed	37	37
OATS—No. 2 mixed	23 1/2	23 1/2
RYE—No. 2	55	55
HAY—Best timothy	14.00	14.00
PORK—Family	12.50	12.50
LARD—Steam	6.90	6.90
BUTTER—Ch. dairy	15	15
Choice creamery	24	24
APPLES—Ch. to fancy	2.50	3.00
POTATOES—Per brl.	1.15	1.35
TORACCO—New	6.25	8.00
Old	11.95	14.50

CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—Win. patent	3.70	3.90
WHEAT—No. 2 red	73 1/2	73 1/2
No. 3 spring	72 1/2	72 1/2
CORN—No. 2	37 1/2	37 1/2
OATS—No. 2	22 1/2	22 1/2
RYE	48 1/2	48 1/2
PORK—Mess	10.40	10.50
LARD—Steam	7.07 1/2	7.10

NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—Win. patent	3.70	4.00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	79 1/2	79 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed	45 1/2	45 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed	25 1/2	25 1/2
RYE	55 1/2	55 1/2
PORK—Family	12.25	13.50
LARD—Steam	7.45	7.45

BALTIMORE.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red	71 1/2	72
Southern	70 1/2	72 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed	43 1/2	43 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed	24 1/2	25
CATTLE—Butchers	5.00	5.25
HOGS—Western	5.25	5.35

INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red	74	74
CORN—No. 2 mixed	36 1/2	36 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed	22 1/2	22 1/2

LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—Win. patent	4.00	4.50
WHEAT—No. 2 red	72	72
CORN—Mixed	42 1/2	42 1/2
OATS—Mixed	22 1/2	22 1/2
PORK—Mess	12.00	12.00
LARD—Steam	7.00	7.00

BUSINESS EDUCATION

LEXINGTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

INCORPORATED
B. B. JONES, Pres.
E. G. SPINK, Vice-Pres.

THE LEADING PRACTICAL SCHOOL OF THE SOUTH

Bookkeeping • Shorthand • Telegraphy
Courses graded. Short, Practical, Modern. New mat. Courses for Teachers. No vacation. Cheap Board, club or private.
Best Home Study Course—Shorthand or Bookkeeping. Experienced Teachers. Individual Instruction. Three Departments.—All Commercial Branches. Enter Any Time. Open to Both Sexes. Elegant Diploma.
POSITIONS: Tuition may be deposited in bank until position is secured. 165 former pupils holding positions in Lexington alone. For "Kata-log" and full particulars, address
B. B. JONES, President,
HOME STUDY, address Dept. B.
LEXINGTON, KY.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

PIKE CAMPBELL, Manager.

Centrally located. Convenient to business portion of city and all theatres. Only good hotel in Louisville giving \$2 rate. Excellent service. 18 Oct. 3m.

ATTENTION, CITIZENS.

Now is the time to bring in your engines, mowers and farm machinery for repairs. Also Mower and binder blades. And don't forget your lawn mowers, gas and oil stoves which I will make as good as new. Gas, steam and water pipe fitting. Steel ranges repaired. All work guaranteed.

NEWHALL'S MACHINE SHOP

Cor. Third and Pleasant St.

JOHN CONNELLY, PLUMBER, PARIS, KENTUCKY.

Work guaranteed satisfactory. Calls promptly answered. Your work is solicited. Prices, reasonable.

HOTEL REED, LEXINGTON, KY.,

JAS. CONNOR, Prop.

Newly furnished and improved. Service excellent. Rate, \$2 per day. Headquarters for Bourbon people.



THE DIRECT LINE BETWEEN CINCINNATI AND CHICAGO,

..... VIA.....

INDIANAPOLIS

..... AND.....

MONON ROUTE,

Connecting at Chicago for the

NORTH AND WEST,

And at Cincinnati with all Roads for

SOUTHERN CITIES

AND THE

Health and Pleasure Resorts of

FLORIDA, CALIFORNIA AND MEXICO.

Four trains weekdays, three Sundays, CINCINNATI AND CHICAGO.

Cafe Cars, Pullman Compartment, and Standard Sleepers.

Any Agent or Representative of the O. E. & D. will be pleased to furnish information, or address,

D. G. EDWARDS,

Passenger Traffic Manager, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

KIDNEY DISEASES

are the most fatal of all diseases.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE is a Guaranteed Remedy

or money refunded. Contains remedies recognized by eminent physicians as the best for Kidney and Bladder troubles.

PRICE 50c. and \$1.00.

CLARK &

ONE YEAR]

One year ago today, beloved,
God gave thee angel wings
That thou might'st soar to realms above
Where angels walk and seraph sing.
Whom hast thou seen these months, be-
loved,
In that dear land so bright?
Did loved ones meet thee at the gate
With raptures of delight?
What has thou done these months, beloved?
Where hast thou daily wrought?
Full well I know, with loving deeds
Each moment has been fraught.
Hast thou been with me, beloved,
On comfort mission sent?
Hast thou my tear-wet couch at night
In tender pity bent?
Would I could lay my cheek, beloved,
Close up to thine once more;
And tell thee all within my heart,
Just as I did of yore.
And thou couldst speak to me, beloved,
Of all the visions rare
That dawn upon thy wondrous sight
In yonder mansions fair.
But God's sweet will be done, beloved.
In patience will I wait
Till His own hand shall lift the latch
That opens the "pearly gate."
And thou with radiant smile, beloved,
Wilt haste to meet me there.
What seems my cross will prove my crown
When Heaven with thee I share.
Lizzie L. Baker, in Chicago Standard.



[Copyright, 1897, by F. Tennyson Neely.]

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

"Up to this afternoon at five no trace of them has been found," said Loring. "Day after to-morrow that safe-opener should reach us. If you have influence with Col. Stevens you should urge him to have a guard at the quartermaster's depot, even if he had to strip the fort. The general cannot be reached by wire."
"Why?" asked Folsom, looking up in alarm. "You don't suppose he'd come back to rob his own office?"
"He is not the man to take a risk, but there are those with him not so careful, and the hand that sent Bird-sall's gang in chase of Dean could send them here, with the safe-key. Those few clerks and employees would be no match for them."
"By heaven, I believe you're right!" cried Folsom. "Which way are you going now?"
"Back to the hotel by way of the depot," was the answer. "Will you go?"
"One moment. I do not travel about just now without a gun," said Folsom, stepping within doors, and even the low sound of their voices died away and all was still as a desert. The old trader did not return at once. Something detained him—Miss Folsom, probably, reasoned the engineer, as he stood there leaning on the gate. Aloft a blind creaked audibly, and, gazing upward, Loring saw a dark, shadowy shutter at the third-story window swing slowly in. There was no wind to move it. Why should human hands be so stealthy? Then a dim light shone through the slats, and the shade was raised, and, while calmly watching the performance, Loring became aware of a dim, faint, far-away click of horse's hoofs at the gallop, coming from the north. "If that were from the eastward, now," thought he, "it might bring stirring news." But the sound died away after a moment, as though the rider had dived into sandy soil.

Just then Folsom reappeared. "I had to explain to my daughter. She is most reluctant to have me go out at night just now."
"Naturally," said Loring, calmly. "And have you been up to the third story? I suppose Miss Folsom has gone to her room."
"The girls have, both of them—but not to the third story. That's Mrs. Fletcher's room."
"Ah, yes. The woman, I believe, who accidentally scared your horse and threw you?"
"The very one!" he answered. "I'm blessed if I know what should have taken her out at that hour. She says she needed air and a walk, but why should she have chosen the back-gate and the alley as a way to air and sunshine?"

"Would you mind taking me through that way?" asked the engineer, suddenly. "It's the short cut to the depot, I understand."
"Why, certainly, I hadn't thought of that," said Folsom. "Come right on." And so while the hoofbeats up the road grew louder, the two turned quickly back to the rear of the big frame house. "That coming horse brings news," muttered Loring to himself, as he turned the corner. "We can head him off, but I want to see this situation first."

Looking away southeastward from the porch of Folsom's homestead, one could see in the daytime a vista of shingled roofs and open yards, a broad valley, with a corral and inclosures on the southern edge of the town, but not a tree. To-night only dim black shadows told where roof and chimney stood, and not a sign could they see of the depot. Loring curiously gazed aloft at the rear and side windows of the third story. "They command quite a view, I suppose," said he, and even as he spoke the sash of the southeast room was softly raised, the blind swung slightly outward. That woman watching and listening again! And it was she whose sudden and startling appearance at the rear gate had led to Folsom's throw so early the morning. Burleigh and his mysterious friend were found missing from their quarters just after dawn—the very morning

Dean, with his treasure package and little escort, rode forth from Emory on that perilous mission—the very morning that Bird-sall and his murderous gang set forth from Gate City in pursuit.

And now those hoofbeats up the road were coming closer, and Folsom, too, could hear and was listening, even while studying Loring's face. Suddenly a faint gleam shone across the darkness overhead. Glancing quickly upward, both men, deep in the shadow, saw that the eastern window on the southern side was lighted up. Out in the alleyway low yet clear, a whistle sounded—twice. Then came cautious footsteps down the back stairs. The bolt of the rear door was carefully drawn. A woman's form, tall and shrouded in a long cloak, came swiftly forth and sped down the garden walk to the rear gate. "Come on, quick!" murmured the engineer, and on tiptoe, wondering, the two men followed. They saw her halt at the barred gate. Low, yet distinct she spoke a single name: "George!" And without, in the alley a voice answered: "I am here! open quick!"

"Swear that you are alone!"
"Oh, stop that damned nonsense! Of course I'm alone!" was the stifled reply, and at the sound of the voice Loring seemed fairly to quiver. The gate was unbarred. A man's form, slender and shadowy, squeezed in and seemed peering cautiously about. "You got my note?" he began. "You know what's happened?"

But a woman's muffled scream was the answer. With a spring like a cat Loring threw himself on the intruder and bore him down. In an instant Folsom had barred the gate, and the woman, moaning, fell upon her knees.
"Mercy! Mercy!" she cried. "It is all my fault. I sent for him."
"Take your hands off, damn you, or you'll pay for this!" cried the under-must man. "I'm Capt. Newhall, of the army."

"You're a thief!" answered Loring, through his set teeth. "Hand over the key of that safe!"
The sound of hoofbeats at the front had suddenly ceased. There was a sputter and scurry in the alley behind. Full half a dozen horses must have gone tearing down to the east. Other lights were popping in the windows now. Folsom's household was alarmed. Attracted by the scream and the sound

of a scuffle, a man came hurrying toward them from the front.
"Halt! Who are you?" challenged Folsom, covering him with his revolver.
"Don't shoot. I'm Ned Lanning—just in from the ranch. Have you heard anything of Hal, sir?"
"Of Hal?" gasped Folsom, dropping his pistol in dismay. "In God's name, what's wrong?"
"God only knows, sir. Mrs. Hal's high crazy. He's been gone two days."

CHAPTER XXIII.
Five days later the women and children from Warrior's Gap, most of them bereaved, all of them unnerved by the experiences of that awful day, arrived at Fort Frayne, escorted by a strong command of infantry and all that was left of the cavalry troop at the stockade. A sad procession it was as it slowly forded the Platte and ascended the winding road to the post, where sorrowing, sympathetic army women met and ministered to them. With them, too, came such of the wounded as could be moved, and at the head of the little squad of horse rode Lieut. Dean, whom the post commander and several officers greeted almost effusively.

Yet almost the first question was: "Did you see any Indians?"
"Not one," answered Dean. "They seem to have drawn away from the Big Horn road entirely. Why do you ask?" he added, anxiously.
"There were signal fires out at Eagle Butte last night, and I've just had a letter from old Folsom at the ranch on the Laramie. He begs us to send a guard at once and I haven't a horseman. There's been the devil to pay at young Folsom's place."
Dean's face went a shade paler. "What's happened?" he asked.
"A dozen of his best horses run off by Bird-sall's gang, probably to replace those they lost in the flood, and Hal himself was shot and left for dead in the hills. He'd died but for an Ogallalla girl and a couple of half-breeds who had a hunting-lodge out near the Peak. There are letters for you at the office."

There were two—one from Loomis, at Emory; one from Jessie, of all places in the world, at Folsom's ranch. This he read first.
"We got here late night before last, after such an exciting journey, Marshall dear," said she, "and I can't begin to tell you all the strange things that have happened. For Mr. Folsom says the messenger must start for Fort Frayne in twenty minutes. That villain, Maj. Burleigh, who dared to speak ill of you, turned out to be as bad as I ever said he was. They haven't caught him yet, but they've got Capt. Newhall. Mr. Folsom and Mr. Loring did that—caught him in the back yard of our house, down by the gate, and in some way Mrs.

Fletcher induced him to come there, for he had the key to the safe at the quartermaster's depot, and was going to get the money Maj. Burleigh dared not take when he fled. I can't understand it at all, and Pappoose doesn't like to talk about it. Mr. Folsom was rather full of money by Maj. Burleigh. Mrs. Fletcher is mixed up in it in such a queer way, I can't explain now. She was nearly crazy when we came away, and Mr. Folsom was so good and kind to her, left a nurse with her, and made her stay at the house, although she wanted to pack her things and go to the hotel or the jail, she didn't care which; but he wouldn't let her.

"And right in the midst of it all Ned Lanning, who came with news before, galloped in to tell how Halbert Folsom had been missing two days, and Mrs. Folsom was crazy with fear, so Mr. Folsom left Lieut. Loring to attend to all the matters about the robbery and started at once for the ranch, and Pappoose, of course, insisted on going with him, and I wouldn't be left behind. And here we are. Now I can see the hills where you had the light and were Ellnor's picture, and it was right out there among them that Halbert was found. Horse thieves had run off his best horses—the same gang of murderers that, they say, planned to trap you and had you outwitted. Oh! Marshall, was ever a girl so proud of her brother!—and they shot Hal and he was found and taken care of by some Indian people, tame ones, and one was a girl, Lizette, who had fallen in love with him four years ago. Wasn't it romantic? And she's gone again, but Hal is safe here, although Mrs. Folsom is more than half-crazy, and now old Mr. Folsom is worried to death, and says we must start back for home to-morrow. It's seventy-five miles, and we don't want to go at all, only I'm so eager to see you, and I heard—at least Mr. Loomis told me you'd be back any day, and he has your troop till you come, and he's so fond of you—Oh, here's Pappoose to say this must go at once."

The colonel sat watching the young fellow as he read. "Bad news, Dean?" he queried.
"Every kind of news, sir. It's all a whirl. The devil seems to have broken loose in Wyoming. Let me skim through Loomis' note."

"Dear Dean: In case the letter sent yesterday passes you on the way, I add a line to say that I've sold a meaning thing about Loring when we were in the corps, I take it back. I thought him a prig when we were the gray. He rather held us under, anyhow, being a class ahead, you know, but the way he has panned out here and wiped up Wyoming with the main body, I ever knew that tried to wrong you is simply wonderful. He's nabbed three of the Bird-sall gang and is away now after Burleigh. The news from Folsom's ranch is more reassuring. Hal was shot by horse thieves, and we're running off stock and were found and taken care of by friendly Indians, but Mrs. Hal had an awful scare and sent for the old man, who went, of course—both young ladies going with him. They were miles away before we knew of it at the fort. I tried to persuade old Lanning that he ought to let me go with twenty troopers to guard the ranch and scout the Laramie, and he threatened to put me in arrest. Of all the double-dashed, pig-headed old idiots he's the worst. I don't want people at the ranch to be scared, but if the Sioux only would make some demonstration this way that would give me a chance, I'd try to earn a little of the reputation that you're winning, old boy, and no man knows better how much you deserve it than

"Your friend and classmate, HANK L." "P. S.—Loring took ten of the troop into the Black Hills to beat up Burleigh, but he said if they struck Indian sign he meant to make for Folsom's ranch. Now, if we could only meet there!"

The sun was well down at the west. The day's march had been long and tedious, as only cavalry marches are when long wagon trains have to be escorted. Dean had not yet fully recovered strength, but anxiety lent him energy.
"If Mr. Folsom says there is need of cavalry guard at the Laramie, it is because he dreads another Indian visit, colonel. I have nine men in good shape. Our horses are fresh, or will be after a few hours' rest. May I push on to-night?"
And to the young soldier's surprise the elder placed a trembling hand upon his shoulder and looked him earnestly into the eyes. "Dean, my boy, it's my belief you cannot start too soon. Do you know who Lizette is?"

"I've heard the story," said Marshall, briefly. "She must have been hovering about there for some time."
"Yes, and now her people know it, and it will rekindle their hatred. The moment I heard of this I sent old Bat to watch the crossing at La Bonte. Not an hour ago this came in by the hand of his boy," and the colonel held out a scrap of paper. It was a rude photograph, a rough sketch, map-like, of a winding river—another and smaller one separated from the first by a chain of mountains. The larger one was decorated by a flag-pole with stars and stripes at the top and a figure with musket and bayonet at the bottom. The smaller one by a little house, with smoke issuing from the chimney, and a woman beside it. Above all, its head over the mountains pointing toward the house, its tail extending north of the bigger stream, was a comet—the "totem" or sign of the Ogallalla lover of Lizette. The story was told at a glance. Burning Star was already south of the Platte and lurking in the mountains near Folsom's ranch.

That night, toward ten o'clock, an anxious council was held. Halbert Folsom, fevered by his severe wound, was lying half-unconscious on his bed, his unhappy wife wandering aimlessly about at times, wringing her hands and weeping, evidently unbalanced by the terrors that had beset her of late and the tidings of that awful Indian revenge along the Big Horn. Silent, helpful, almost commanding, Ellnor spent the hours sometimes at her brother's bedside, then at that of her sister-in-law when the poor creature could be induced to lie still a moment. The burly little son and heir, long since sound asleep in his cradle, was watched over by Jessie, whose heart fluttered in dread she dare not say of what. Twice that afternoon she had seen whispered conferences between old Folsom and Lanning. She knew that for some better reason than that he was over-persuaded by Pappoose, Mr. Folsom had not carried out his project of sending them back to Gate City. She saw that he made frequent visits to the cellar and had changed the arrangement of the air ports. She

noted that the few ranch hands hung about the premises all day, their rifles ever within reach, and that often Mr. Folsom took the glasses and searched the road to Frayne. She saw that earth was being heaped up in places against the ranch where the walls were thin or made of boarding. She saw that water and provisions were being stored in the cellar, and she knew that it could all mean only one thing—that the Indians were again in force in the neighborhood, and that an Indian siege was imminent.

And all this time Pappoose, though very brave, was so still and so intent upon her duties. Even when supper was served for the ranch party in the kitchen that evening, as the sun went down, Jess noted that two of the men kept constantly in saddle, riding round the buildings and anxiously scanning the open prairie on every side. There were only six men all told now, including Folsom (of course not counting Hal, who was defenseless), altogether too small a number to successfully protect so large a knot of buildings against an insidious and powerful foe.

Darkness settled down upon the valley, and, though calm and collected, Folsom seemed oppressed by the deepest anxiety. Every now and then he would step forth into the night and make a circuit of the buildings, exchange a word in low tone with some invisible guardian, for, heavily armed, the employees were gathered at the main building, and the wife and children of the chief herdsman were assigned to a room under its roof. Particularly did Folsom pet and encourage the dogs, two of them splendid mastiffs in whom Hal took unusual pride. Then he would return to his son's bedside, bend anxiously over him and lay a loving hand on Pappoose's lustrous hair. It must have been ten o'clock and a night wind was rising, making the occasional cry of the coyotes even more weird and querulous, when they heard the sudden, fierce challenge of Trooper, the keenest, finest of the mastiffs, and instantly his bark was echoed by the rush and scurry of every canine on the place. The men on the porch sprang to their feet and Folsom hastened out to join them. The dogs had charged in the darkness toward the northeast, and somewhere out in that direction were now all furiously barking. Aloft the skies were heavily clouded. The moon was banked and not a glimmer of light shone on earth or heaven. Suddenly, afar out over the prairie, beyond where the dogs were challenging, there was heard the sound of a pony's neigh, an eager appeal for welcome and shelter, and Folsom sprang confidently forward, his powerful tones calling off the dogs. They came back, growling, sniffing, only half-satisfied, still bristling at the unseen visitor. "War ponies never neigh," said Folsom. "Who are you, brothers—friends?" he called, in the Sioux tongue, and a faint voice answered from the darkness, a pony came leaping dimly into view, almost running over him, and in another minute an Indian girl, trembling with fear and exhaustion, had toppled from the saddle and clasped the old trader's hand.

"Good God! Lizette," he cried, "you again? What is wrong?" for her head was drooping, her knees giving way beneath her, as the poor child whispered her answer:
"Sioux coming—plenty braves! Hide—quick!"
And Folsom bore her in his arms within.

[To Be Continued.]
SOMETHING REALLY NEW.
But There Was Something Wrong with the Conclusion of the Story.

"I have an idea for a story!" exclaimed the young author enthusiastically.
"Something really new?" asked the publisher, doubtfully, relates the Chicago Post.

"New!" cried the young author. "Well, I should say so. Listen! Married couple living happily, not a cloud in the matrimonial sky. Husband goes on trip, fails to come back, search made, nothing found, wife mourns, inconsolable and all that, time passes, everybody gives him up as dead, she goes into mourning and comes out again, grief dulled by time."

"Oh, that's old!" interrupted the publisher. "That's 'Enoch Arden' all over again."
"Oh, it is?" scornfully retorted the young author. "Well, that's all you know about it. Finally she marries again."
"I told you so," broke in the publisher.

"Man comes back 25 years later," went on the young author, ignoring the interruption. "Wife sees him and cries: 'Alas, I have married again.' Man answers: 'So have I.' Now there's a situation for you."

"Bigamy," commented the publisher. "Huh?"
"Bigamy; double case of it. How are you going to get them out of that scrape?"
"Confound it!" ejaculated the young author. "I never did evolve the plot of a good story yet that some prosaic old duffer didn't come along and knock the tar out of it. I tell you, genius isn't appreciated in this world."

No Discrimination.
"You're a nice editor, Chubbbs!" "What's the matter now?" "Why, you said the publisher of the Daily Voice is an unmitigated ass." "Well, he is."

"But you add: 'We advise our brother journalist to reform his stupid ways.'"—Harlem Life.

People Who Won't Pay.
Any photographer will tell you that lots of people will sit for a picture and then won't stand for it.—Indianapolis News.

noted that the few ranch hands hung about the premises all day, their rifles ever within reach, and that often Mr. Folsom took the glasses and searched the road to Frayne. She saw that earth was being heaped up in places against the ranch where the walls were thin or made of boarding. She saw that water and provisions were being stored in the cellar, and she knew that it could all mean only one thing—that the Indians were again in force in the neighborhood, and that an Indian siege was imminent.

And all this time Pappoose, though very brave, was so still and so intent upon her duties. Even when supper was served for the ranch party in the kitchen that evening, as the sun went down, Jess noted that two of the men kept constantly in saddle, riding round the buildings and anxiously scanning the open prairie on every side. There were only six men all told now, including Folsom (of course not counting Hal, who was defenseless), altogether too small a number to successfully protect so large a knot of buildings against an insidious and powerful foe.

Darkness settled down upon the valley, and, though calm and collected, Folsom seemed oppressed by the deepest anxiety. Every now and then he would step forth into the night and make a circuit of the buildings, exchange a word in low tone with some invisible guardian, for, heavily armed, the employees were gathered at the main building, and the wife and children of the chief herdsman were assigned to a room under its roof. Particularly did Folsom pet and encourage the dogs, two of them splendid mastiffs in whom Hal took unusual pride. Then he would return to his son's bedside, bend anxiously over him and lay a loving hand on Pappoose's lustrous hair. It must have been ten o'clock and a night wind was rising, making the occasional cry of the coyotes even more weird and querulous, when they heard the sudden, fierce challenge of Trooper, the keenest, finest of the mastiffs, and instantly his bark was echoed by the rush and scurry of every canine on the place. The men on the porch sprang to their feet and Folsom hastened out to join them. The dogs had charged in the darkness toward the northeast, and somewhere out in that direction were now all furiously barking. Aloft the skies were heavily clouded. The moon was banked and not a glimmer of light shone on earth or heaven. Suddenly, afar out over the prairie, beyond where the dogs were challenging, there was heard the sound of a pony's neigh, an eager appeal for welcome and shelter, and Folsom sprang confidently forward, his powerful tones calling off the dogs. They came back, growling, sniffing, only half-satisfied, still bristling at the unseen visitor. "War ponies never neigh," said Folsom. "Who are you, brothers—friends?" he called, in the Sioux tongue, and a faint voice answered from the darkness, a pony came leaping dimly into view, almost running over him, and in another minute an Indian girl, trembling with fear and exhaustion, had toppled from the saddle and clasped the old trader's hand.

"Good God! Lizette," he cried, "you again? What is wrong?" for her head was drooping, her knees giving way beneath her, as the poor child whispered her answer:
"Sioux coming—plenty braves! Hide—quick!"
And Folsom bore her in his arms within.

[To Be Continued.]
SOMETHING REALLY NEW.
But There Was Something Wrong with the Conclusion of the Story.

"I have an idea for a story!" exclaimed the young author enthusiastically.
"Something really new?" asked the publisher, doubtfully, relates the Chicago Post.

"New!" cried the young author. "Well, I should say so. Listen! Married couple living happily, not a cloud in the matrimonial sky. Husband goes on trip, fails to come back, search made, nothing found, wife mourns, inconsolable and all that, time passes, everybody gives him up as dead, she goes into mourning and comes out again, grief dulled by time."

"Oh, that's old!" interrupted the publisher. "That's 'Enoch Arden' all over again."
"Oh, it is?" scornfully retorted the young author. "Well, that's all you know about it. Finally she marries again."
"I told you so," broke in the publisher.

"Man comes back 25 years later," went on the young author, ignoring the interruption. "Wife sees him and cries: 'Alas, I have married again.' Man answers: 'So have I.' Now there's a situation for you."

"Bigamy," commented the publisher. "Huh?"
"Bigamy; double case of it. How are you going to get them out of that scrape?"
"Confound it!" ejaculated the young author. "I never did evolve the plot of a good story yet that some prosaic old duffer didn't come along and knock the tar out of it. I tell you, genius isn't appreciated in this world."

No Discrimination.
"You're a nice editor, Chubbbs!" "What's the matter now?" "Why, you said the publisher of the Daily Voice is an unmitigated ass." "Well, he is."

"But you add: 'We advise our brother journalist to reform his stupid ways.'"—Harlem Life.

People Who Won't Pay.
Any photographer will tell you that lots of people will sit for a picture and then won't stand for it.—Indianapolis News.

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY.

TIME TABLE.	
IN EFFECT JULY 15, 1900.	
EAST BOUND.	
At Louisville . . . 8:30am 6:00pm	
At Lexington . . . 11:00am 8:40pm	
At Winchester . . . 11:30am 9:10pm	
At Mt. Sterling . . . 12:25pm 9:45pm	
At Washington . . . 6:00am 2:40pm	
At Philadelphia . . . 11:00am 7:00pm	
At New York . . . 12:40pm 9:00pm	
WEST BOUND.	
At Winchester . . . 7:50am 4:30pm	
At Lexington . . . 8:12am 5:10pm	
At Frankfort . . . 9:00am 6:14pm	
At Shelbyville . . . 10:00am 7:00pm	
At Louisville . . . 11:00am 8:00pm	

Trains marked thus run daily except Sunday; other trains run daily.
Through Sleepers between Louisville, Lexington and New York without change.

For rates, Sleeping Car reservations or any information call on
F. B. CARR,
Agent L. & N. R. R., Paris, Ky.
or, GEORGE W. BARNEY,
Div. Pass. Agent, Lexington, Ky.

G. W. DAVIS,
FURNITURE,
CARPETS,
WALL PAPER, ETC.
FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.
Calls for Ambulance Attended to Promptly.
Day Phone, 137.
Night, 100.

SMITH & ARNSPARGER
NON-UNION AGENTS,
RELIABLE FIRE INSURANCE
AT LOW RATES.
5 BROADWAY, PARIS, KY.
(Times 99-15)

A NEW TRAIN WEST
The "St. Louis Limited"
VIA
BIG FOUR
TO
TEXAS,
KANSAS,
and MISSOURI:

Leave Cincinnati . . . 12:20 noon.
Arrive Indianapolis . . . 3:25 p. m.
Arrive St. Louis . . . 9:45 p. m.

PARLOR CARS.
MODERN COACHES.
DINING CARS.
Ask for Tickets via Big Four Route.
WARREN J. LYNCH,
Genl. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
W. P. DEPPE, A. G. P. & T. Agt.
J. E. REEVES, Genl. Southern Agent,
Cincinnati, O.
C. C. CLARK, T. P. A., Chattanooga.

Kodol
Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.
It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps, and all other results of imperfect digestion.
Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.
W. T. BROOKS.

My agency insures against fire, wind and storm—best old reliable, prompt paying companies—non-union.
W. O. HINTON, Agent.

LIME!
If you want pure white lime leave your orders at my office on Main street. All orders promptly attended to.
JACOB SCHWARTZ

5c "DAVIS' SELECT" 5c
Old smokers say "DAVIS' SELECT" are the best nickel Cigars that can be built for the money. "The smoke that satisfies." "The embodiment of perfection." "They steady the nerves and aid digestion." "Can't tell them from a one cent cigar," etc.

This popular Cigar now on sale at G. S. VARDEN CO.'S and JAMES FEE & SON'S.

BICYCLE FREE
Send us a postal card and we will send you a bicycle catalogue free. This catalogue prices new \$15.00 Bicycles, 1900 model, at \$7.47; new \$20.00 Bicycles at \$11.47; new \$30.00 Bicycles at \$16.47; new \$35.00 Bicycles at \$17.57; and a bicycle as good as you can buy for \$50.00 or at any price, we sell at \$22.47. Bicycle repairs and everything in this line in this catalogue. Send postal card at once for this bicycle catalogue. It will save you money on bicycles and repairs.
T. M. ROBERTS' SUPPLY HOUSE, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

PROFESSIONAL - CARDS.

CHARLES D. WEBB,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Special attention given to Collections.
Office on Broadway.
PARIS, KENTUCKY.

CHARLES B. DICKSON,
DENTIST,
Office over the Bourbon Bank.
PARIS, KENTUCKY.

PHILIP N. FOLEY,
DENTIST,
Office in Agricultural Bank Building.
Can be found at office at night.

J. T. MILLAN,
DENTIST,
Office, No. 3, Broadway.
PARIS, KENTUCKY.

JOHN J. WILLIAMS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in Simms' Building.
PARIS, KENTUCKY.

W. M. KENNEY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office in Agricultural Bank Building.
Office Hours: 7 to 10 a. m.
2 to 4 p. m.
7 to 8 p. m.

BE AN AMERICAN
Buy a watch made of metal taken from U. S. MINE, at Louisville. Dreyer and Witham work these watches. A. Dreyer, Dreyer and Witham, 100 N. 2nd St., Louisville, Ky. Their facilities for making watches are second to none.
W. F. DOLL, MFG. CO., 9 N. 2nd St., Louisville, Ky.

RAILROAD TIME CARD.
L. & N. R. R.
ARRIVAL OF TRAINS:
From Cincinnati—10:58 a. m.; 5:38 p. m.; 10:10 p. m.
From Lexington—5:11 a. m.; 7:45 a. m.; 3:35 p. m.; 6:27 p. m.
From Richmond—5:06 a. m.; 7:40 a. m.; 3:28 p. m.
From Maysville—7:42 a. m.; 3:25 p. m.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS:
To Cincinnati—5:15 a. m.; 7:51 a. m.; 3:40 p. m.
To Lexington—7:47 a. m.; 11:05 a. m.; 5:45 p. m.; 10:14 p. m.
To Richmond—11:08 a. m.; 5:43 p. m.; 10:16 p. m.
To Maysville—7:50 a. m.; 6:35 p. m.
F. B. CARR, Agt.

Frankfort & Cincinnati Ry.
ELKHORN ROUTE.
LOCAL TIME CARD IN EFFECT
DECEMBER 5th, 1898.

EAST BOUND.

No. 1. Fast. No. 3. Fast. No. 5. Mixed.

Live Frankfort . . . 7:00am 3:40pm 10:10pm
Live Elkhorn . . . 7:10am 3:50pm 10:20pm
Live Cincinnati . . . 7:20am 4:00pm 10:30pm
Live Lexington . . . 7:30am 4:10pm 10:40pm
Live Maysville . . . 7:40am 4:20pm 10:50pm
Live Richmond . . . 7:50am 4:30pm 11:00pm
Live Louisville . . . 8:00am 4:40pm 11:10pm
Live St. Louis . . . 8:10am 4:50pm 11:20pm
Live Chicago . . . 8:20am 5:00pm 11:30pm
Live New York . . . 8:30am 5:10pm 11:40pm

WEST BOUND.

No. 2. Fast. No. 4. Fast. No. 6. Mixed.

Live Paris . . . 9:00am 5:40pm 11:50pm
Live Elizabethtown . . . 9:10am 5:50pm 12:00pm
Live Louisville . . . 9:20am 6:00pm 12:10pm
Live Lexington . . . 9:30am 6:10


A Word to Doctors

We have the highest regard for the medical profession. Our preparations are not sold for the purpose of antagonizing them, but rather as an aid. We lay it down as an established truth that internal remedies are positively injurious to expectant mothers. The distress and discomforts experienced during the months preceding childbirth can be alleviated only by external treatment—by applying a liniment that softens and relaxes the over-strained muscles. We make and sell such a liniment, combining the ingredients in a manner hitherto unknown, and call it

Mother's Friend

We know that in thousands of cases it has proved more than a blessing to expectant mothers. It overcomes morning sickness. It relieves the sense of tightness. Headaches cease, and danger from Swollen, Hard and Rising Breasts is avoided. Labor itself is shortened and shorn of most of the pain. We know that many doctors recommend it, and we know that multitudes of women go to the drug stores and buy it because they are sure their physicians have no objections. We ask a trial—just a fair test. There is no possible chance of injury being the result, because **Mother's Friend** is scientifically compounded. It is sold at \$1 a bottle, and should be used during most of the period of gestation, although great relief is experienced if used only a short time before childbirth. Send for our illustrated book about Mother's Friend.

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.



Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

Cures Coughs, Sore Throats, Grippe, Pneumonia and Bronchitis in a few days. Why then risk Consumption? Get Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Don't be imposed upon. Refuse the dealer's substitute. It is not as good as Dr. Bull's. Salvation Oil cures Rheumatism and all Pain. Price, 15 and 25 cents.

SHORT NEWS STORIES.

Brief Paragraphs About Important Happenings.

In competition with European bidders an American steel company obtained an order for \$5,000,000 worth of rolling steel for South African railroads.

The discovery of pearls in the upper Mississippi has caused a rush of hunters. Over 1,000 persons are encamped on the river bank.

No other pills can equal DeWitt's Little Early Risers for promptness, certainty and efficiency. W. T. Brooks.

Bumps or Bruises,

Sprains or sores, burns or scalds, wound or cuts, tetter or eczema, all quickly cured by **Banner Salve**, the most healing medicine in the world. Nothing else "just as good." Clarke & Kenney.

Any advertised dealer is authorized to guarantee **Banner Salve** for tetter, eczema, piles, sprains, cuts, scalds, burns, cloths and open or old sores. Clarke & Kenney.


This is the season when mothers are alarmed on account of croup. It is quickly cured by **One Minute Cough Cure**, which children like to take. W. T. Brooks.

The best method of cleansing the liver is the use of the famous little pills known as **DeWitt's Little Early Risers**. Easy to take. Neyer gripe. W. T. Brooks.

Torturing skin eruptions, burns and sores are soothed at once and promptly healed by applying **DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve**, the best known cure for piles. Beware of worthless counterfeits. W. T. Brooks.

Feeling of safety pervade the household that uses **One Minute Cough Cure**, the only harmless remedy that produces immediate results. It is infallible for coughs, colds, croup and all throat and lung troubles. It will prevent consumption. W. T. Brooks.

It is well to know that **DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve** will heal a burn and stop the pain at once. It will cure eczema and skin diseases and ugly wounds and sores. It is a certain cure for piles. Counterfeits may be offered you. See that you get the original **DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve**. W. T. Brooks.



BLOOD POISON.

In some cases the external signs of Contagious Blood Poison are so slight that the victim is firmly within the grasp of the monster before the true nature of the disease is known. In other cases the blood is quickly filled with this poisonous virus and the swollen glands, mucus patches in the mouth, sores on scalp, ulcers on tongue, sore throat, eruptions on skin, copper colored spots, and falling hair and eyebrows leave no room for doubt, as these are all unmistakable signs of Contagious Blood Poison.

Doctors still prescribe mercury and potash as the only cure for Blood Poison. These poisonous minerals never yet made a complete and permanent cure of Contagious Blood Poison. They drive the disease back into the system, cover it up for a while, but it breaks out again in worse form. These powerful minerals produce mercurial rheumatism and the most offensive sores and ulcers, causing the joints to stiffen and finger nails to drop off. **Mercury and potash make wrecks, not cures**, and those who have been dosed with these drugs are never after free from aches and pain.

S. S. S. acts in an entirely different manner, being a purely vegetable remedy; it forces the poison out of the system, and instead of tearing down, builds up and invigorates the general health. S. S. S. is the only antidote for this specific virus, and therefore the only cure for Contagious Blood Poison. No matter in what stage or how hopeless the case may appear, even though pronounced incurable by the doctors, S. S. S. can be relied upon to make a rapid, permanent cure. S. S. S. is not a new, untried remedy; an experience of nearly thirty years has proven it a sure and unfailing cure for this disease. It is the only purely vegetable blood medicine known.

Mr. H. L. Myers, 100 Mulberry St., Newark, N. J., says: "I was afflicted with a terrible blood disease, which was in spots at first, but afterwards spread all over my body. These soon broke out into sores, and I was in agony. I had spent a hundred dollars, which was really thrown away. I then tried various medicines, but they did not reach the disease. When I had finished my first bottle of S. S. S. I was in good luck, and was delighted with the result. The large, red spots disappeared, and my skin became clear and smooth. My appetite improved. I was soon entirely well, and my skin as clear as a baby's."

Send for the **Treatment Book**, which contains valuable information about this disease for self treatment. Our medical department is in charge. Write for it. We make no charge whatever for this. All correspondence is held in the strictest confidence.

SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

IMPERFECT IN ORIGINAL

If you are sick all over, and don't know just what ails you, it's ten to one your kidneys are out of order. Foley's Kidney Cure will bring you health and energy. Clarke & Kenney.

I beg to inform the public that I am a constant buyer for cash of old Life Insurance policies, including endowment, ordinary life, tontine or distributions—running or paid up. Hugh Montgomery, Paris, Ky.

If you are sick all over, and don't know just what ails you, it's ten to one your kidneys are out of order. Foley's Kidney Cure will bring you health and energy. Clarke & Kenney.

It is a Curse.

Constipation is a curse and afflicts too great a portion of the American people. There is no excuse for it either, as we sell a remedy that will banish the curse, and with moderate use will keep you well. It is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Sold in 10c, 50c and \$1.00 size. For sale by S. Varden.

Good Advice.

When that distressing pain seems to grab you by the back of the head and neck and your eyes seem fixed on a given point straight ahead, do not make yourself sick by taking drastic cathartics, but take a small dose of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It relieves the pressure on the nerve centers of the brain and aids digestion by curing constipation permanently. It 10c, 50c and \$1 sizes at G. S. Varden & Co.'s.

To Asthma Sufferers.

Lawson Elvidge of Barrington, Ill., says he was cured of chronic asthma, of long standing by Pholey's Honey and Tar. It was a positive relief in all cases of asthma, so this disease, when not completely cured, is robbed of all its terrors by this great remedy. Clarke & Kenney.

SOUTHERN MUTUAL INVESTMENT COMPANY,

Of Lexington, Ky.

PLAN: Insurance Reversed.

WITH THEM: The Man dies the Policy is Paid.

Which Do You Prefer?

WITH US: The Policy dies, the Man is Paid.

Over \$330,000 Paid in Living Benefits.
Over 165,000 Reserve and Surplus.
Over 60,000 Paid in September.

THE FOLLOWING, TAKEN AT RANDOM, SHOWS THE RESULT OF A FEW WHO HAVE INVESTED WITH US:

	Cost to Certificate Holder.	Received by Certificate Holder.
Mrs. Mary White, Lexington, Ky.	\$4,416.00	\$12,588.00
C. L. Garth, Georgetown, Ky.	7,551.00	11,413.69
Dr. S. H. Stevenson, Chicago, Ill.	987.00	2,639.91
Metcalf & Armstrong, Lexington, Ky. .	1,434.50	3,907.07
J. H. Nelms, Administrator, Baltimore, Md.	5,000.00	13,000.00
Newport News Syndicate, Newport News,	522.00	1,522.52

The best possible means for the accumulation of monthly earnings. Premiums from \$3 per month upwards.

PROMOTES ECONOMY. GUARANTEES SAFETY.
INSURES BIG RETURNS IN PROFITS.

LOCAL AGENTS WANTED—Apply to **A. Smith Bowman**, Lexington, Ky.

SS MARY CAMPBELL, Special Agent.
17 Duncan Ave., (at Mrs. Mary Gass'), Paris, Ky.

Do not get scared if your heart troubles you. Most likely you suffer from indigestion. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and gives the worn out stomach perfect rest. It is the only preparation known that completely digests all classes of foods; that is why it cures the worst cases of indigestion and stomach trouble after everything else has failed. It may be taken in all conditions and cannot help but do you good. W. T. Brooks.

From An Old Soldier.

KNOX, IND., Jan. 14, 1890.
GENTS:—I have every confidence in recommending your Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. I am 72 years of age and am broken down, the trouble having been brought on by my experience in the war. Your medicine has done me more good than a hundred doctors, and I am just about well of my stomach trouble. yours truly,
JEFERSON WILHELM.
For sale by G. S. Varden & Co.

Dr. W. H. Lewis, Lawrenceville, Va., writes: "I am using Kodol Dyspepsia Cure in my practice among several cases of indigestion and find it an admirable remedy." Many hundreds of physicians depend upon the use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure in stomach troubles. It digests what you eat, and allows you to eat all the good food you need, providing you do not overload your stomach. Gives instant relief and a permanent cure. W. T. Brooks.

Woman's Rights.

Many women suffer all sorts of so called "female weaknesses" just because their kidneys are out of order and they have a right to know Foley's Kidney Cure is just what is needed by most ailing women. Clarke & Kenney.

HEYMAN'S

CLOAK

Department!



With the arrival of our finest grades of Jackets in the last few days, we consider our assortment of FALL AND WINTER WRAPS complete, and we do not hesitate to say that it is by far the largest and handsomest display ever placed before the critical eyes of a most exacting public.

Unsurpassed in Style, Fit and Price. The combination of High Grade and Low Price is seldom found, but is most emphatically expressed in our garments for Better Made or Lower Priced Garments are not in the market to-day. If price figures and quality counts, you'll come to us for your Winter Wraps.

A. GREENBAUM, Manager.

Next Door to Citizens Bank.

1900. **FALL AND WINTER** 1900.

OPENING,

OF OUR

MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARTMENT.

Was a Success.

MR. SWOFFELD, Expert Cutter.

300 STYLES OF CLOTH ON DISPLAY.

Call and leave your Measure.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

TWIN BROS.,

WEST MAIN STREET,

PARIS KENTUCKY.